

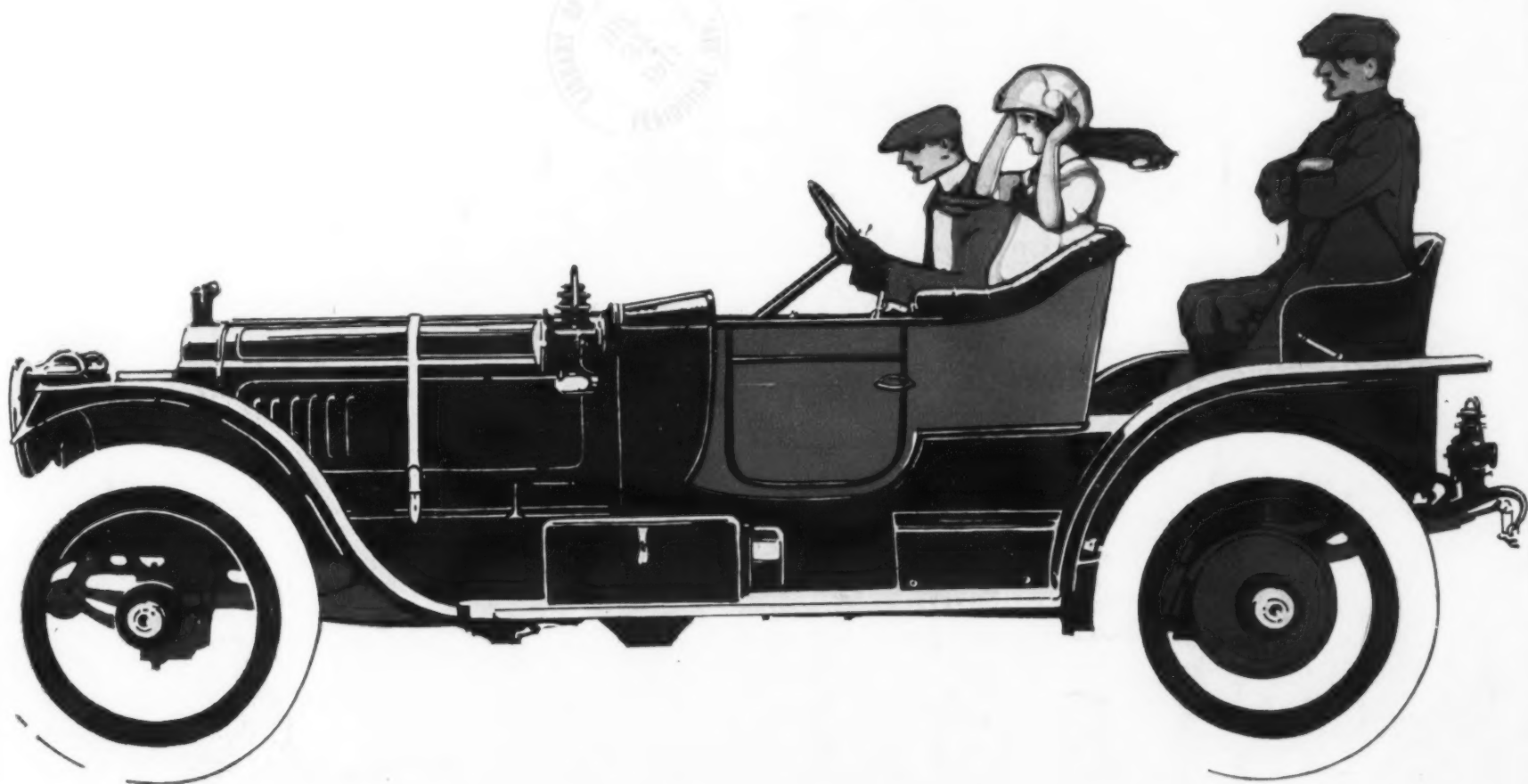
JULY 27, 1911

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PRICE 10 CENTS

LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



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THE CHARLES F. MURPHY PHOTO

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Made of best cold rolled steel. Horsemens delighted. Takes just half the time to clean a horse. Keeps the teeth always clean; no clogging with hair and dirt. A. B. Pett says: "It's a dandy. Sold 14 last night to my neighbors." Easy seller. Big profits. Going fast. Write quick. Free sample to workers. **THOMAS MFG. CO., 8814 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio**

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See Them BEFORE Paying! These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Hard and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliantly quaranted 25 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure. **White Valley Gem Co., 6719 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.**

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G.F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
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New York
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The Oldest Inhabitant says ~

"It's just as good now as when grandfather drank it—over a hundred years ago"

Old Overholt Rye

A centurion Whiskey with a spotless reputation for goodness and purity

Distilled and Bottled in bond by
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Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers are read by thousands of Leslie's subscribers.

Leslie's Illustrated Weekly
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Leslie's

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

"In God We Trust."

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Subscriptions and advertising for all the publications of Leslie-Judge Company will be taken at regular rates at any of the above offices.

Persons representing themselves as connected with LESLIE'S should always be asked to produce credentials.

TO ADVERTISERS:—Our circulation books are open for your inspection.

TERMS: Ten cents a copy, \$5.00 a year, to all subscribers in the United States, Mexico, Hawaii Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, Guam, Tutuila, Samoa. Foreign postage, \$1.50 extra. Twelve cents per copy, \$6.00 per year, to Canadian subscribers. Subscriptions are payable in advance by draft on New York, or by express or postal money order.

BACK NUMBERS: Present year, 10 cents per copy; 1910, 20 cents; 1909, 30 cents, etc.

Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made.

Subscribers to Preferred List (see Jasper's column in this issue) will get current issue always.

The publishers will be glad to hear from subscribers who have just cause for complaint. If LESLIE'S cannot be found at any news-stand, the publishers would be under obligations if that fact be promptly reported. Senders of photographs or letterpress must always include return postage. We receive such material only on condition that we shall not be held responsible for loss or injury while in our hands or in transit.

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Some of Next Week's Features



Dated August 3, 1911

SYDNEY BROOKS, the well-known English writer, has just completed a tour of the United States. His observations of American life and manners are fresh and very much to the point. He has a few caustic things to say about American hotels and restaurants in this issue. He believes that the native American cooking is the daintiest and most individual in the world, but during his recent trip he was tyrannized by the French cook. Mr. Brooks spares no words voicing his disgust over this situation.

THE NORTHWEST AND ITS MARVELOUS OPPORTUNITIES. Hoke Smith, a popular newspaper man of Minneapolis, tells of the prosperity builders of the Northwest and gives a thrilling account of the opportunities awaiting development. All those who are looking for a new start in a rich country will do well to read this wonderful story of the agricultural awakening of the Northwest.

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY, the famous founder of the juvenile court of Denver, Col., has written a stirring letter to the editor of LESLIE'S, congratulating him upon the publication of Reginald Wright Kauffman's astounding articles on "The Girl That Goes Wrong." We shall publish this letter in full in the next installment of Mr. Kauffman's series. Are you reading all of these remarkable stories of the white slave peril? We are receiving hundreds of letters from judges, doctors, editors and business men, commending this notable crusade. You cannot afford to miss a single installment of Mr. Kauffman's stories.

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly"

Ten-Pinnett—A Money-Making "Ten-Strike"

Do you want a business? Here's one for you—Ten-Pinnett, the sensation of the times. A healthy, uplifting bowling game—a fun-producing exercise that old and young, rich and poor, go wild over when there's a chance to play. Owners of Ten-Pinnett alleys are making \$150.00 to \$300.00 a month on an original investment of \$250.00, and no operating expenses other than rent. It's the game that pays for itself in a jiffy. You have

Nothing to Do but Pocket the Money!

You have sighed hundreds of times to be in business for yourself. Grasp the opportunity—without the responsibilities of the everyday business man. Our pay-as-it-comes plan is the most aboveboard, original and liberal ever devised. If you want that eager money in your locality send for our plan to-night—before someone else gets to it. (30)

TEN-PINNITT COMPANY
410 Draper St., Indianapolis, Ind.

GENUINE Hand Woven PANAMA

Rare Bargain
Panama Hats Here Popular than ever this summer.

By importing large quantities we can sell direct to user for this surprisingly low price. These hats are warranted genuine all hand-woven; unbleached, can be worn in that condition by Men, Women and Children. Easily blocked in any shape or style. Just as serviceable as the \$10.00 kind; only not as fine a weave. All sizes, small, medium and large brims. \$1.00.

Light weight. Best prepared on receipt of . . . \$1.00. Order today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Panama Hat Co., Dept. R, 830 Broadway, New York City

THE HONE DOES IT

The D. & H. Honer and Stroppler hones all makes of safety blades on a stone hone, finishes on a leather strop like the barber. At all dealers.

Price, \$3.00
Complete, prepaid
Send for catalog
A. C. HAYDEN & CO.
BROCKTON, MASS.

Moving Picture Machines MAKE BIG MONEY

Stereopticons

A wonderful opportunity to make big money entertaining the public. No limit to the profits, showing in churches, school houses, lodges, theatres, etc. We show you how to conduct the business, furnishing complete outfit. No experience whatever is necessary. If you want to make \$15.00 to \$150.00 a night write today and learn how. Catalogue Free. Distributors of Moving Picture Machines, Talking Machines, etc. **CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 214, Chicago**



WANTED!

Says the Advertisement

But can you fill the position?

Any man with the right training is able to fill any position.

It is the business of the International Correspondence Schools to train working men for better positions—to qualify them to overcome the draw-backs of life.

Don't say you can't succeed—YOU CAN! And the I. C. S. will prove it to you. Thousands of I. C. S. students will also prove it to you. An average of four hundred of them voluntarily report every month an increase in salary as a result of I. C. S. direction.

If you want to know how it is done, and how it can be applied to your case, select the occupation you prefer, mark the coupon and mail it today. This only costs a post stamp, and doesn't bind you to do anything you do not desire.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,

Box 1000, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running	Civil Service	Spanish
Mine Superintendent	Architect	French
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Textile Manufacturing	Commercial Illustrating	Window Trimming
Stationary Engineer	Show Card Writing	Advertising Man
Telephone Expert	Stenographer	Bookkeeper
Mechan. Engineer		
Mechanical Draftsman		
Electrical Engineer		
Elec. Lighting Supt.		

Name _____
Present Occupation _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____



AN AIRSHIP ALMOST GRAZES THE WHITE HOUSE.

The daring young aviator, Henry N. Atwood, flying in his aeroplane just above the roof of the Executive Mansion at Washington, recently, after a record-breaking aerial trip of 568 miles from Boston. He alighted in front of the south portico, in the presence of the President and many other prominent persons and was presented by President Taft with a gold medal on behalf of the Washington Aero Club. Atwood carried the aviator Charles K. Hamilton as a passenger from Atlantic City to the army aviation field near Washington. The New York "Times" awarded him a handsome trophy for his flight from Boston to Washington.

EDITORIAL

The South Rejects Free Trade.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* refers to "the accusation lodged against the Senators and some of the Representatives in Congress from Louisiana that they have become Republicans, or near-Republicans, by voting to retain a tariff on certain articles of foreign production," and combats that charge. It points out that before the Civil War the Southern States were almost wholly devoted to agriculture. The absence of manufactures hampered them seriously in that conflict. In fact, Appomattox helped the South more even than it did the North and West. It not only emancipated the South from the slavery anachronism, but it freed it from the narrow and one-sided industrial system which rested on a single activity—that of the farm and plantation. All this has been changed in the past forty-six years, and most of the change has come in the past quarter of a century. Says the *Picayune*:

The South is no longer a free-trade country. Her people have great manufacturing interests, and if there is to be protection for such interests, which furnish a large share of the wealth of the country, they are certainly as deserving of consideration at the hands of Congress as are those of the North, which have for years received the greatest share of governmental favor and protection. The South is a Democratic section of the Union—the only Democratic section which remains—and if the South, in order to prove its Democracy, is to renounce all protection and benefits from the government, and turn them over to Northern industries and interests, it will be paying a high price for party zeal. The South is not called on by any doctrine, human or divine, to commit industrial suicide in order to prove its devotion to the Democratic party.

In similar stalwart accents other Southern Democratic papers also talk out. A few weeks ago the Democratic Ways and Means Committee, whose chairman is O. W. Underwood, of Alabama, rejected Mr. Bryan's advice, which was to place raw wool on the free list. In revising the wool schedule of the Payne tariff, the committee retained some of the duty on wool. In doing this it departed from Democratic practice of the days of Morrison, Mills and Wilson; but its course was commended by the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, the *Atlanta Constitution*, the *Charleston News and Courier*, the *Chattanooga Times* and other representative Democratic journals of their region. Even Colonel Watterson, who used to call himself a free trader and who perhaps thinks he is one still, came out in the *Courier-Journal* in favor of the retention of some of the duty on wool. This is a fortunate condition for the whole country as well as for the South. In a large degree the interests of all localities are now identical.

The protective system is assailed here and there, but not in the same degree as formerly. Politics is less sectional than it was a few decades ago. The South no longer carries all its eggs in the same basket. Its industries and interests are becoming as widely diversified as are those of the North and West. It is utilizing the great wealth in natural resources which was bestowed upon it

and which will one day make it the richest and most prosperous region in the whole country.

Tell Congress To Go Home.

IF THE American people would keep in touch with their Representatives in Congress or if congressmen would keep in touch with the voters of their district, there would be less obnoxious legislation. Representative Steven B. Ayres, of New York City, took the latter method and, at the time of the introduction of the bill to reduce the tariff on woolsens, he sent several thousands of letters not only to the Democratic voters of his district who elected him, but to Republicans, Socialists and men of all shades of thought. The replies were made the basis of a speech in Congress by Mr. Ayres, advocating a gradual rather than immediate and drastic reduction of the woolen tariff, ninety per cent. of his correspondents having taken that view.

It should not be necessary for a member of Congress to send out personal letters to discover how his constituents feel on any important matter before the House. While congressmen usually complain that they do not hear from their constituents, yet it is the privilege of every citizen to help keep his Representative posted. As a result of the constant tariff agitation and tinkering of the last twenty-two months, there went into effect, with the week beginning July 3d, the most drastic mill curtailment ever known in the cotton industry of the country. Over sixty per cent. of the total spindleage ceased to whirl, with \$200,000,000 of capital lying dormant, and thousands upon thousands of workmen were left idle. Now, suppose every voter among the thousands of employes of the cotton mills, North and South, should write a terse postal to his congressman, asking him to go home and leave the tariff alone, does any one doubt it would have its effect?

Smashing Our Railroads

IS THERE something about a railroad that will enable it to flourish on treatment that would cripple any other business enterprise? Speaking at the tenth annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers, President Elliott, of the Northern Pacific Railway, remarked that "people have been led to believe that the railroad business is very different from other forms of business and that it can be successfully conducted under many severe legislative handicaps and according to rigid mathematical formulas." Because a railroad is big, the public seems to be obsessed with the idea that it can overcome easily any handicap that would spell disaster to an individual. Proof of this is found in the fact that, in the face of higher wages, increased cost of equipment of every sort and a demand for a constantly improving service, the railroads have been prevented from advancing rates. No business man could hope to meet such a situation and prosper, but with a railroad it is supposed to be different.

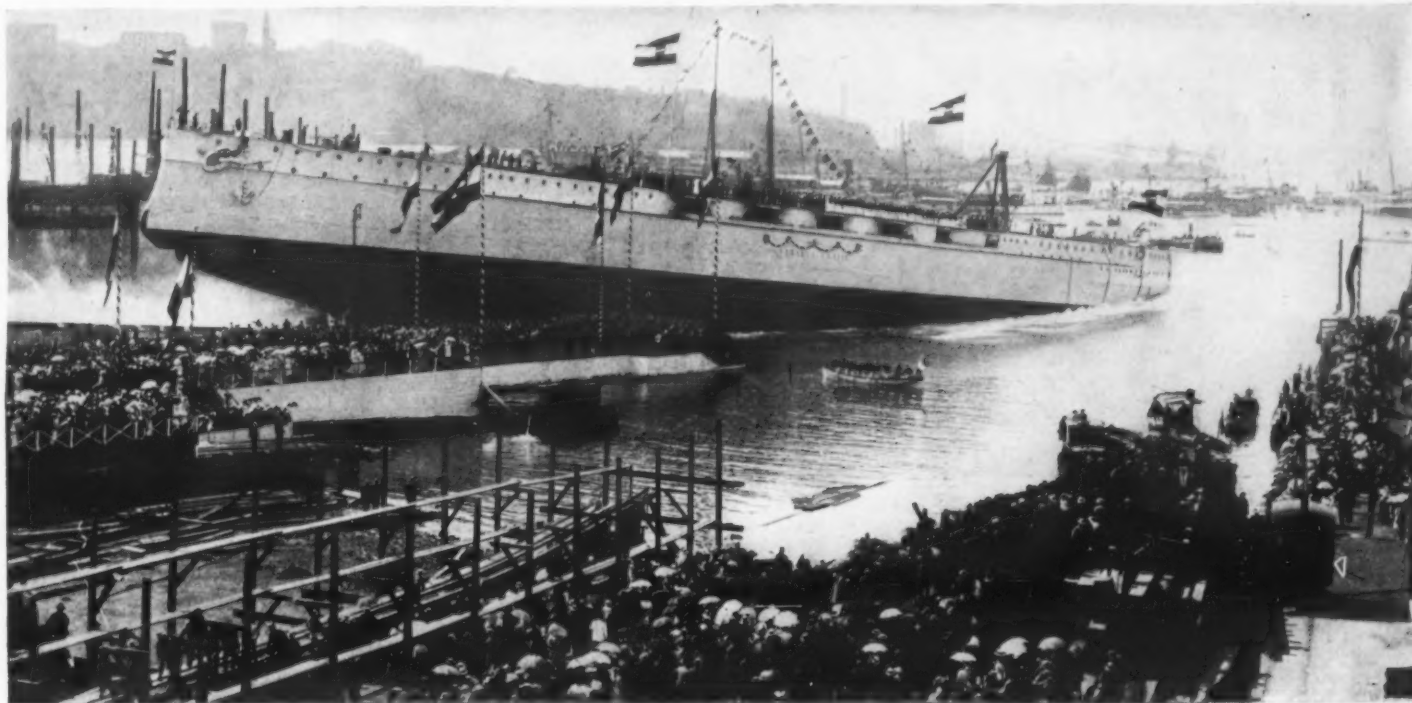
While it is true that railroads and big corpora-

tions generally, because of their very size, can swing big propositions with ease, it should be remembered that all business, big or little, is subject to the same economic laws. Legislative interference which would mean ruin for a small business will spell disaster for the railroads also. And the latter disaster will be all the more appalling because of its very magnitude. The New York *Financial Chronicle* quite aptly points out, in connection with the repressive measures regarding the railroads, that, while the decision concerning the great industrial combinations is left with our highest judicial body, the question of railroad rates—as momentous an issue as any before the country to-day—has been left with a commission purely political in its make-up. There is no doubt that the decision of the latter body preventing an advance in rates has been popular, for the simple reason that the public erroneously imagines it matters not how hard the railroads are hit, they will survive and prosper.

Mexico and the Monroe Doctrine.

THOUGH criticised for sending troops to the Mexican border, their withdrawal and the close of the war is a complete vindication for President Taft. Aside from the protection of the lives and property of United States citizens, the presence of our troops was necessary if we were to maintain the Monroe Doctrine as a part of our national policy. It gave assurance to all European nations that the lives of their representatives and their property in Mexico would be secure. At a recent Pilgrims' dinner in London, Sir Edward Grey definitely accepted without any caveats or limitations the Monroe policy. Commenting upon this frank statement of Sir Edward in the light of its connection with the Mexican situation, the *London Spectator* fears that the United States does not appreciate the enormous responsibility that the policy imposes upon us. Nevertheless, the *Spectator* believes that, for the peace of the world, we should continue to insist upon it, and suggests "that the United States, in her excellent attempt to establish arbitration treaties with different countries, should apply herself particularly to this separate yet cognate point of procuring the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine." Better advice than this our esteemed contemporary could not offer.

Throughout its history the Monroe Doctrine has averted many a war, and in the further effort to secure permanent treaties of arbitration, a recognition of the doctrine, if not in the treaties themselves, at least as an understanding complementary to the treaties, would be equally efficacious in avoiding causes for dispute. No English statesman in the past ever committed himself to the Monroe Doctrine so fully as did Sir Edward Grey recently and publicly, but in this he has simply reflected the growing feeling of confidence between the two nations. Because of her long friendship with the United States, France would doubtless give as cordial assent to the doctrine as



AUSTRIA LAUNCHES HER FIRST DREADNOUGHT.

The splendid 20,000-ton battleship "Viribus Unitis" gliding from the ways at Trieste in the presence of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, other members of the imperial family and a great crowd of enthusiastic spectators. The vessel when completed will be one of the most formidable warships afloat. Austria will build three other naval wonders of the same size and pattern.

England seems disposed to give. With such examples, it would naturally follow that other Powers would do likewise. A policy which has already saved the small nationalities of this continent from European interference would be found to work with equal advantage when, in place of war, the approved method of settling disputes shall become arbitration.

The Rule of Unreason.

IT IS impossible even for the Supreme Court to give to the Sherman anti-trust law virtues that it doesn't possess. Its famous "rule of reason" interpretation may save business from going to smash, but it should not be necessary for the Supreme Court to establish such a precedent. Under the two recent decisions, the line between "reasonable" and "unreasonable" restraint of trade is not clearly defined and the business world remains still in a degree of uncertainty. William M. Ivins, in a brief submitted to the court in the tobacco case last fall, included a list of certain forms of restraint of trade which would be liable to criminal prosecution were the Sherman law to be strictly interpreted. Among these forms were chambers of commerce, boards of trade which prescribed rates of commission and compensation for various services, a co-operative purchasing association of farmers or workmen, a department store owned by a corporation and doing a money-order business, a bar or medical association fixing a standard of professional ethics. This list was made before the Supreme Court had promulgated its "rule of reason," but so long as the statute remains as it is, the above-mentioned combinations and many others will come under its ban on a literal interpretation.

A Sensational Attack.

THE Advertisers' Protective Association, representing an investment of \$400,000,000, with an annual advertising expense of over \$100,000,000, in a circular letter to the press of the country, protests against the continuance of Dr. Wiley as head of the government's Bureau of Chemistry. "How long," they ask, "shall an irresponsible person in the employ of the United States government be permitted to inject his personal prejudices and self-interest into the machinery of his office, to the great detriment of the business interests of the country?" The serious charges made by so large and representative an association of manufacturers of foods, beverages and drugs deserve consideration.

No legislation of recent years has filled a greater need than pure-food legislation, but good laws were never more abused and the "head and front of the offending" has been Dr. Wiley himself. As a strongly entrenched government official he is able, through his fanatical prosecution of certain business interests, to seriously cripple their trade. Frequently he has been overruled, but at that stage of the proceedings the damage has been done. As an example, the charge is made that he put the Coca Cola Company to the expense of over a quarter of a million dollars in attempting to stop the sale of 70,000 pounds of caffeine annually, when the United States con-

sumes 60,000,000 pounds annually, which, in the form of tea and coffee, is taken in larger doses per cup. Had Dr. Wiley been sincere in protecting the public, it is asserted that he should have attacked the larger evil and saved 90,000,000 people from the daily use of tea and coffee.

The Advertisers' Protective Association has been criticised because its communication is signed only by Fred W. Hooper, its secretary, no list of officers being given. Doubtless the members did not come out in the open through fear of provoking the wrath of Dr. Wiley. But, however insincere Dr. Wiley may be in his prosecution of certain business interests, an open attack always is best. A legitimate enforcement of the food and drugs act meets with the approval of the Advertisers' Protective Association and the sole ground of its objection to Dr. Wiley is that it will accept no enforcement which is not strictly legal.

The Plain Truth.

CAN THE muck-rakers do with Wickersham what they succeeded in doing with Ballinger? We trust not. The hot wave is nearly over.

A SAFE and sane observance of the Fourth of July has been fairly inaugurated. While the numbers killed and injured show a marked decrease over recent years, even the most accurate record of casualties cannot tell the full story of a quieter and more rational observance of the day in thousands of towns and communities. The result is an impressive showing of the power of organization and agitation. If the press and the organizations of men, women and children throughout the country that have led in the campaign will only keep it up, we predict a still more remarkable showing a year hence.

ALL THE insurgents are not Republicans. The Democracy of Nebraska has turned down William J. Bryan because he opposed the Democratic candidate for the governorship at the last election. Bryan's friends propose to make it warm for the old-line leaders. When they stand up to be counted there won't be enough of them to make much of a difference. Bryan has achieved the ambition of his life. This was not political preferment, but the accumulation of a fortune. He is now one of the wealthiest men in Nebraska and no longer a "horny-handed son of toil." Yet Bryan will cut something of a figure at the next Democratic national convention.

THE pure-food law was passed largely because of the efforts of President Roosevelt. It was thoroughly enforced under his administration and has been as rigidly enforced under the administration of President Taft. Under both Presidents the present Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson, has been retained and the enforcement of the law has largely depended upon his initiative. Dr. Wiley is not the author of the pure-food law. It would continue to be enforced whether he were in the public service or not. He has occupied a subordinate place in the department, but has always managed to make it appear that he was the only

champion of pure food at Washington. The public may rest assured that the pure-food law will be enforced just as vigorously and earnestly whether Wiley stays or goes.

EVERY man has some rights as to the use of his name. Ex-Mayor Seth Low, of New York, in protesting against the unauthorized use of his name for an apartment house in the neighborhood of Columbia University, is not the subject of ridicule, despite what some yellow journals say. If there is anything in having a good name, one is justified in trying to keep it clear from possible contamination. Mr. Carnegie has recently suffered embarrassment through having his name fastened upon a trust company just convicted of criminal practices, though he himself had no direct connection with its management. The least the owners of the apartment house should have done was to have asked Mayor Low for his permission before presuming to use his name for their business purposes.

THE HOT wave seemed to bring with it a superheated imagination on the part of the yellow press. In all our great cities ice companies were put to the severest strain to supply their customers. The demand was not only twice but sometimes four times that under normal conditions. Ask any railroad or workshop to quadruple its output in time of stress, and see what happens. A howl was raised that an "ice trust" was taking advantage of the hot wave and demanding exorbitant prices. This cry was heard in New York, although the principal ice company did not increase its prices and was straining every nerve to supply the extraordinary demands upon it. The yellow press denounced the company at a time when, as one of the directors, William A. Tucker, said, "It had been and was doing everything in its power to supply ice to New York City during the unusually hot period." No evidence to the contrary was presented. Attacks like this do more harm to the newspapers than to the corporations that are assailed.

THE INSURGENTS who impress the public as opportunists have in their opposition to reciprocity missed their opportunity. The "deadly parallel" was never invoked with more telling effect than when Senator Williams interrupted Senator Cummins, in his denunciation of the Canadian reciprocity agreement, by reading from the address of the former when inaugurated Governor of Iowa seven years ago. The old saying that a person undergoes a complete change every seven years seems literally true in regard to the senior Senator from Iowa. The Governor Cummins of seven years ago is an entirely different person from the Senator Cummins of to-day. As Governor, he eloquently argued that the farmers of the Northwest had nothing to fear and much to gain by reciprocity and showed convincingly how the chance the United States had in the development of Canada would be "completely destroyed unless we treat with our neighbors upon a fair, reciprocal basis." In the embarrassing dilemma in which the quoting of his own words had placed him, Senator Cummins sought refuge behind the old plea that "times have changed."



PORCUPINE'S DEATH-DEALING CYCLONE OF FLAMES.

Driven by a sixty-mile-an-hour gale, the flames drove nearly two hundred persons to death in Porcupine Lake shown in this picture. Some five hundred were forced to stand in the ice-cold water three hours. It was Canada's greatest forest-fire tragedy.



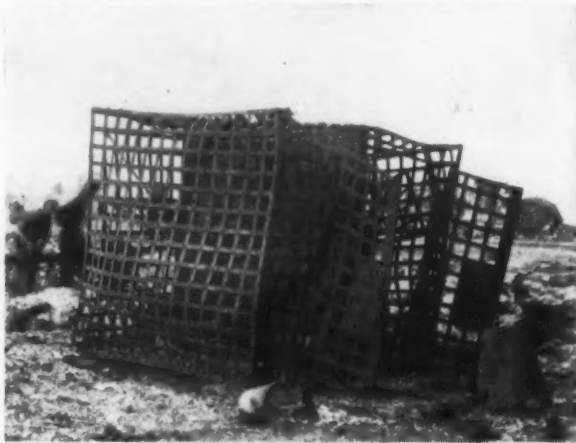
RUINS AT TOWER, MICH.

Mills, houses and thirty cars were destroyed here. What little fire apparatus the imperiled towns possessed proved absolutely useless in staying the flames. In one place a hose cart was burned in the street; in another a fire engine was abandoned to the flames.



WHAT WAS MAIN STREET IN SOUTH PORCUPINE.

Here the principal buildings of the town stood before the fire. Entire families were blotted out in this great mining district of northern Ontario. Some estimates of the dead were as high as five hundred. Many isolated camps of lumbermen were destroyed.



TOWN LOCK-UP AT AU SABLE, MICH.

This steel cage was all that was left of the Town Hall. Relief trains were compelled to proceed with the utmost caution because of warped rails due to the intense heat.



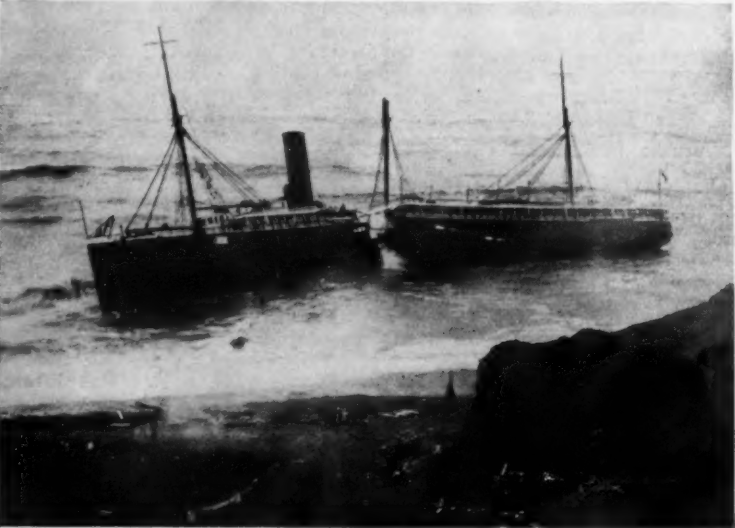
BUSINESS SECTION OF AU SABLE, MICH.

A few bricks and melted iron were all that was left to show where a few hours before a prosperous and progressive town stood. Among the homes destroyed was that of Congressman Loud of the Tenth Michigan district.



BAY SHORE AT OSCODA, MICH.

Hundreds fleeing from the flames were saved only by plunging into the water at this point. The fire starting in Oscoda soon jumped the Au Sable River to Au Sable and devastated that town as well. These two towns and that of Tower suffered the most severely.



The ship struck on July 7, when the sea was calm and the loss of life and suffering, it is charged, were due to the delay in removing passengers and crew.

HOW FOUR LIVES WERE LOST IN THE WRECK OF THE "SANTA ROSA" NEAR SANTA BARBARA, CAL.



Survivors resting on the beach. The passengers, of whom there were 23, were brought ashore in the breeches buoy, by which time a terrific storm had arisen.

Death's Harvest in Forest Fire and Wreck

Graphic Stories of the Work of the Flames in Ontario and Michigan and of the Loss of the "Santa Rosa" on the California Coast



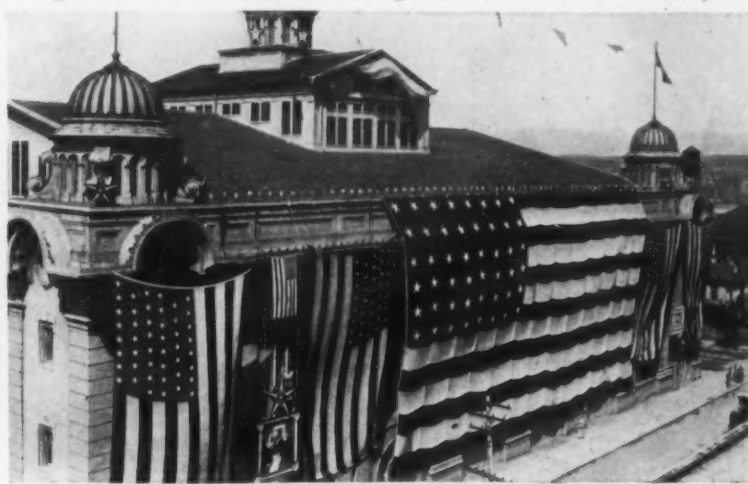
THE HARD BED OF THE SWELTERING POOR.
Typical night scene in New York during the hot weather. People of the East Side tenements seeking scant rest and coolness in the street.



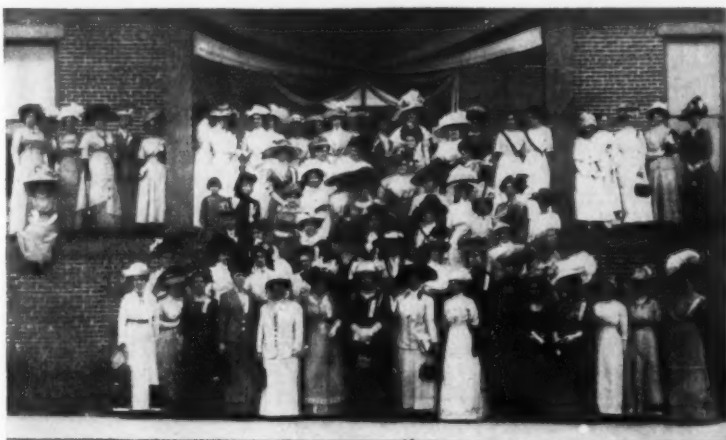
ODD VACATION HOME FOR WORKING GIRLS.
Occupants of the camp at Moodna Creek, N. Y., waiting for breakfast. The girls live in discarded horse cars bought from New York street railways.



ONE MORE SAFE AND SANE FOURTH.
Boy Scouts parading in West New York, N. J., at the head of a procession of school children and civic organizations.



THE LARGEST FLAG IN THE WHOLE WORLD.
Magnificent American flag, 137 feet long and 65 feet wide, displayed on the Denver (Col.) Auditorium, and presented to the city by the Westinghouse Electric Co. It required 2,300 yards of bunting to make the flag.



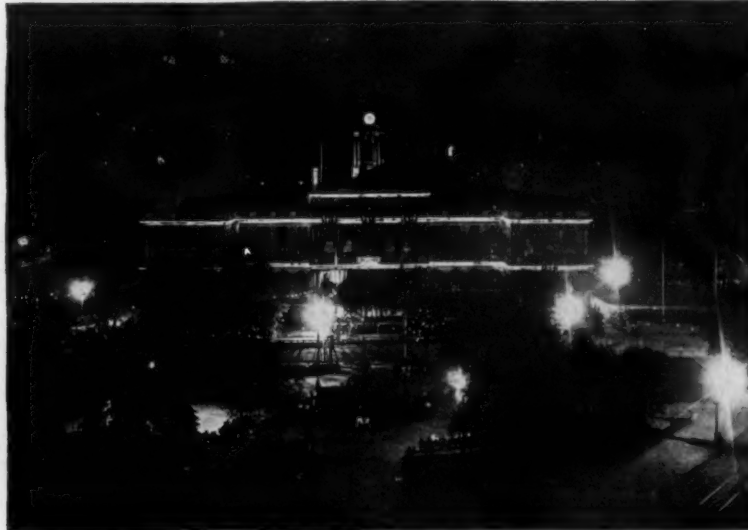
UP-TO-DATE SOUTHERN WOMEN IN CONVENTION.
Delegates to the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs at the recent successful session at El Dorado, Ark.



A PROGRESSIVE CITY'S PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS.
One of seven recreation spots for children in Cincinnati which are utilized by 350,000 youngsters every month. The picture shows the swings, ladders, go-arounds and other arrangements for exercise.



A FEARLESS WOMAN'S 3,200-MILE HORSEBACK RIDE.
Miss Nan J. Aspinwall arriving at the New York City Hall from San Francisco with a letter to Mayor Gaynor. She used the same horse on the entire journey, which took 178 days.



BRILLIANT CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE DAY.
New York's City Hall and Park beautifully illuminated on the evening of the Fourth of July by the New York Edison Company.

Pictorial Glimpses of the World's Happenings



EFFACING THE SIGNS OF THE TRAGIC EVENT.

PAUL THOMPSON



INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE TRAGEDY.

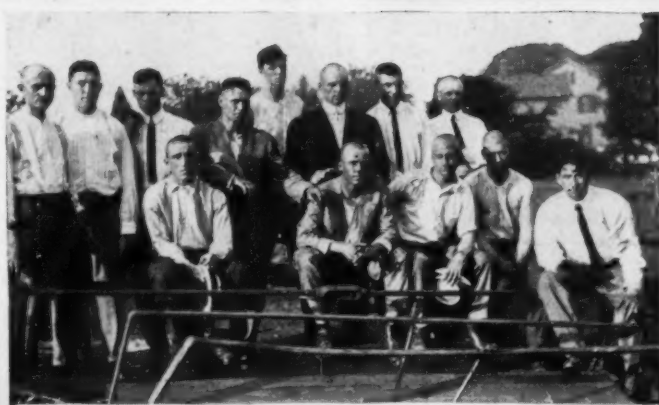
A crowd of saddened people viewing the fearful wreck.



AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

TRUNKS FARED BETTER THAN THEIR OWNERS.

Removing the baggage of victims of the accident from the demolished baggage car.



AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

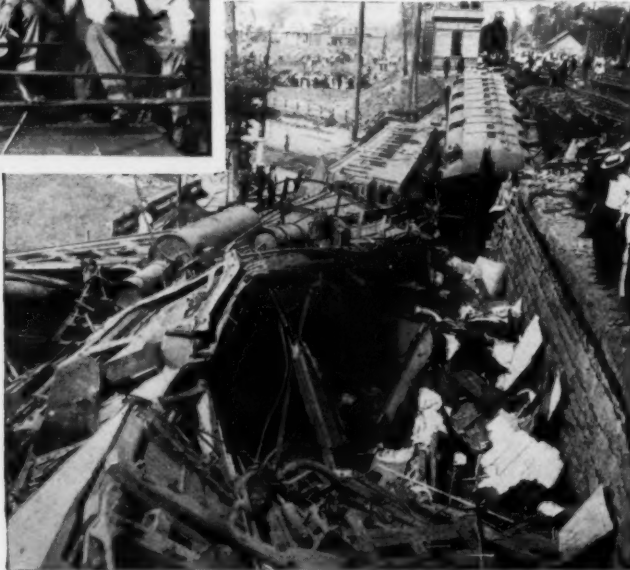
A BAND OF HUSKY HEROES.

Members of the St. Louis National League baseball team, passengers on the train, who engaged energetically in the work of rescue.



SHATTERED BEYOND REPAIR.

PAUL THOMPSON



A SCENE OF HAVOC AND RUIN.

INTERN. NEWS SERVICE

Terrible Railroad Disaster in Connecticut

Fourteen persons were killed and forty-nine hurt. It was the worst wreck on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad in fifty-eight years. The Federal Express from Washington, crossing on a switch from one track to another at full speed near the Bridgeport (Conn.) station, on the morning of July 11, leaped from the rails and went down an eighteen-foot embankment. The engine, five Pullman sleeping cars and two other cars were demolished. Engineer A. M. Curtis, who was killed, was blamed for the accident. The train was late and was running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, when the regulation speed at the switch was only fifteen. The Federal Express is the train usually taken by President Taft in his trips to New England.



AN AMERICAN OFFICIAL'S NOTABLE BANQUET.

Consul-General Thomas Sammons entertaining the officers of the Asiatic fleet and other notabilities at the Grand Hotel, Yokohama. Admiral Murdock's flagship, the "Saratoga," shown in miniature, equipped with a working wireless apparatus and signals. The center of the table represents the inland Sea of Japan. Among those present were Admiral Joseph B. Murdock, commanding the fleet; Captain Joseph L. Jayne, of U. S. S. "Saratoga;" Vice-Admiral Baron Uriu, Mayor Arakawa, of Yokohama; Ex-Governor John Franklin Fort, of New Jersey, Mrs. Montgomery Schuyler, Baroness Uriu, Mrs. Fort and Admiral Mertz, commanding the Cavite Naval Station.



KING GEORGE V. GIVES A
Thousands of children assembled at the
ing his Majesty and the Queen with youth.



THE MOST HEROIC MAN IN
LONDON.

Mahomet, an Arabian visitor, who had both legs cut off by a motor bus, but who, in spite of that, witnessed the coronation festivities.



PICTURESQUELY ATTIRED CHILDREN OF THE KING.

Official photograph of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Mary in their coronation robes.

AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION
CORONATION TEA PARTY.

Crystal Palace, London as his guests, cheerful loyalty and unbounded enthusiasm.



A LUCKY AMERICAN
EXHIBITOR.

Judge W. H. Moore, of New York, who took most of the prizes at the recent London horse show, winning the "Coaching Marathon."



CAMELS AS ARTILLERY "HORSES" IN RUSSIA.

Guns of the South Russian Artillery in the Caucasus drawn by "ships of the desert." These animals are used for this purpose because the country is rough and the supply of water scant.

The Camera's Record of Recent Events

Diverting a Pastime

How Are We To Protect the City's Youth and Yet Provide for the Natural Demand for Entertainment?

By BELLE LINDNER ISRAELS

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mrs. Israel is well known for her remarkable constructive sociological work. For three years, from 1900 to 1903, she was assistant to the Committee on Entertainment and Exhibitions of the Educational Alliance in New York City. During that time she made many studies of amusement resources for young girls. Following that time she was chairman of the Committee on Philanthropy and of the Lakeview Home of the Council of Jewish Women. She has also been for three years on the editorial staff of the *Survey*. Although no longer connected with the magazine, she still contributes occasionally special articles. Three years ago she formed the Committee of Amusements and Vacation Resources of Working Girls. She has conducted investigations of picnic parks, dance halls, beach resorts, amusement parks and excursion boats. Constructively she has secured the passage of the Dance Hall Licensing Act in New York State and the serious consideration of the opening of Municipal Dance Halls in New York City. She is a director of the Travelers' Aid Society and vice-president of the Social Centers Association of America.

WHEN Frieda came to this country she was sixteen, pretty, full of fun and had a wholesome curiosity about America. She came alone. An uncle who had three daughters of his own gave her a home. These girls had been in America since they were babies. They were typical New York working girls. They welcomed the "greenhorn" and put her in the kitchen while they went out to work. The New York cousins had grown up in the free atmosphere of the republic, with men friends, "sociables," "affairs" and all the rest of the things that mean a "good time" for the American girl. They were not inclined to introduce the "greenie" into their set. She had not yet acquired style and she spoke no intelligible English. After Frieda finished her day's work in the tenement, making things smooth and comfortable for the other girls, she was expected to spend her evenings in the kitchen by herself, listening to the laughter, song and talk that floated in from the parlor, where the other girls were having a good time. She soon indicated that she would like to take part in it, but, like the wicked sisters in Cinderella, the cousins would have none of it.

When Frieda went out to do errands she noticed that there were streets with places other than stores. There were brightly lighted halls, from whose open windows strains of music floated and across which forms flitted in rhythmic motion. One evening she drifted in. She found that she did not need to know English to be welcome. At once she found the things that she missed at home—life, joy, laughter and young people. It was easy here. She was pretty, and as girls are always in demand at dances she soon was being shown the dance by a youth whose evident business it was to give her some return for the twenty-five cents she had paid for a "lesson." Quickly she learned the value of knowing how to dance—and still more quickly did her popularity grow with the boys who came to the hall. From that hall she learned to go to others—others where she was taught that to be really popular it was also essential to learn to drink "stylish drinks" and that dancing without drinking was "slow." Then, one night, when her head was whirling from excitement and dazed with drink, the man who had been playing with her for weeks in order to gain that end took her not home, but to a place where she offered on the altar of her "good time" the sacred gift of her girlhood—all she had to lose. She never turned again from the path that began in the kitchen of the tenement, longing for the birthright of her youth. She followed it through the mazes of wretched slavery to men and walked to its end five years later in a reformatory to which she had been committed and where her nameless baby was born. It was the price paid.

For girls like Frieda and for those thousands of others who have within them the same elements of youth, attractiveness and natural longing for the joy in life, we tell the story of the dance halls. It is not a story of suppression and elimination, but a story of how things have come to be what they are and what they may become.

In all large cities, in every place where there is work for young people, there are also places for these young people to play. Play is not a special prerogative of little children. The desire for it is human, and, while it has specialized forms in playgrounds and theaters, it finds its simplest expression in the daily recreative life of adolescent young women and young men. Modern conditions do everything that can be done to create a desire and a need for relaxation. Our industries are monotonously narrowed and specialized. The home conditions under which the average young working girl and boy live are such as to demand outside resources. On the one hand, it has become the fashion to restrict to the greatest privacy the amusements of the young people of the well-to-do class. On the other hand, the widest possible extension of public resources has been necessary to meet the demand of the workers who unfortunately lack home environments and influences, let alone economic resources, for achieving their actual necessities in this line.

The girl who has come to the large city to earn her own living occupies a small room, sometimes with one or two or even three other girls. She has no place in which to entertain her friends, except in the most public fashion, and becomes easily habituated to what the average girl, living at home as one of a large family in a small flat, has long since found her only escape. The story is told in the tenement doorways. At eight o'clock in the evening they are full of waiting young men. From half-past ten to midnight or later these doorways are the trysting places

of young couples saying reluctant farewells. The hours between have been spent outside the home, on the street, in the parks or public amusement places.

The choice is narrow. You can't walk the street all evening, especially in cold weather. The park is tiresome. The theater is expensive. The motion-picture show offers but a half hour's amusement. For the same expenditure that it costs to go to the moving-picture show or a very little more, and sometimes for nothing at all, a delightful evening can be spent at a pastime that never fails to interest. The dance hall is always ready for visitors. Unfortunately there is not always the protection that even the young men afford when a young girl seeks her amusement publicly. The majority of the girls go unaccompanied by men, though usually with another girl; it gives a girl some one to go to if she is left without a partner and it offers her some one with whom to exchange confidences in the dressing-room.

The girl is the predominating element in play enterprises. She attracts the boy. He spends the



BELLE LINDNER ISRAELS.

A sociologist who insists upon bringing her social ideals into the practical, every-day working life of the city streets

money and thus makes amusement enterprises a good investment. The boy naturally puts the dance hall to the same use that the girl does. He is just awakening to his social needs and she is just ready to take up friendships with the opposite sex, being impelled by the natural desire to make her place in life. She holds in the background of her consciousness the innocent desire to become a wife and a mother and to have a home of her own. Since the street is her meeting place, the public dance hall very easily becomes a parlor for the entertainment of her friends.

Boys can have resources for recreation in their interest in athletics and outdoor sports. Girls have naturally but few special interests outside of dancing and the theater, and the latter is expensive. Since play enterprises must be made to yield a return on the money invested and since young men must be attracted by means of young girls, it is for the girls especially that amusement attractions must be planned. There is no organizer of "White Cities," "Paradise Parks" or "Dream Countries" so benighted that he does not realize this one essential element. However small the picnic grove, it has a dance platform; and however unimportant the place may look from the outside, it will have a room at the back where dancing may be indulged in.

Fifteen years ago there were but few dance halls. In every town and city there was a dancing academy, with a dancing master in charge who understood his profession. Here the young people of all the town met for social purposes and used the academy as a meeting ground for all sorts of pleasures connected with their lives. This was equally true of big cities. Gradually the academy introduced more and more occasions when the public generally might enter on payment of the requisite admission fee. To these "receptions" the young people of the neighborhood came in growing numbers. The best of the schools made references necessary for admission at these times. Others, where competition was keen, lowered the standard, and behavior became exceedingly lax. Slowly the business of teaching dancing with a high professional standard came to be dancing for revenue only, and dancing academies in many instances no longer had competent dancing masters as proprietors. Operating a dancing academy became a purely commercial enterprise and required only money enough to finance the necessary expenses and a corps of assistants to do the teaching.

There is a distinction even to-day between places where dancing is taught, and which are still called "dancing academies," and the common or garden variety of dance hall. The dance hall as such ranges in type all the way from the small back room of the saloon to the big public ballrooms that can be had at any time for a public dance. In the average dance hall there is no standard of behavior other than that of non-interference on the part of the police. In New York City over five hundred public dance halls are registered as such and about one-half of them are operated as dancing academies. Taking in all of the dance halls, dancing academies and amusement resorts in and around New York City where dancing may be indulged in the year round, the rough average attendance in a year would mount up to four or five million young people between the ages of fifteen and thirty. In Manhattan borough alone, about one hundred thousand young people are taught to dance every week.

The storm of dance madness has come over the young people of New York. Streets in which the dance halls are located are picturesque enough externally. The hall is usually up one or two flights of stairs and has as much street frontage as possible, framed in big windows of plate glass. Brilliant lights shine through. The sounds of a waltz or two-step pounded on the piano and emphasized by an automatic drum flow out to the passer-by. Boys and girls flit past the windows or slip into the doorway in twos and threes, and sometimes competing managers remain outside, announcing the special features of their halls. The noise, the lights, the air of excitement and good time all attract. Inside, the story is taken up in two ways. If it is a dancing academy, the new patron is urged to take lessons.

In price the admission to the dancing academy ranges all the way from five to twenty-five cents for girls and from ten to thirty-five cents for young men. In the cheaper halls the manager is not, as a rule, a dancing master. He has with him as assistants two or three young men known as "spielers." These spielers are generally excellent dancers, and their business is to attract young women to the hall and keep them entertained while they are there. Sometimes the spiler is a woman who works in a factory during the day and who is expected to bring her fellow-workers to the academy at night. In the case of the women spielers, they are usually doing the work because they like to come to the dance hall every night and cannot afford to pay for the privilege. The men spielers would seem apparently to have other pernicious duties. Among them is the practice of pointing out to young men who are out "painting the town" the girls who would be likely to assist them in their quest. Some of them may be even more closely connected with the system of supplying girls for lives of shame, and experience finds that all of them can furnish to the proper inquiries a sufficiency of information concerning disorderly resorts in their neighborhood.

Apparently these spielers are paid no salaries. Their only means of livelihood, so far as they appear, are sociables or benefit balls given for them by the management of the hall in which they officiate. For the greater part they are known to one another and can pass a girl through the whole length of experiences that fall to the lot of those marked for their machinations. With the exception of a few places that still maintain their standards, the dancing academy is by no means the innocent resort it used to be. Many of the dancing academies have young women

(Continued on page 100.)

The Tragedy of the Last Grass Dance

How the Blackfeet Indians Celebrated One of Their Most Significant Festivities in Northwestern Montana

By EL COMANCHO

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Six thousand people of Little Dog, Mont., during the week of July 2 gathered on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation for the last great ceremony before the opening of the territory for settlement. The picturesque celebration which marked the Grass Dance is here described in a most interesting way by one who witnessed this pathetic but inspiring tribute of a dying race to the memory of its sacred traditions



"GHOST" LODGE OF LITTLE PLUME. THE PICTURES ON THE TENT NARRATE THE CHIEF'S DEEDS.



THE SAGE OF A VANISHING RACE. THIS OLD WARRIOR IS 103 YEARS OF AGE.



INTERIOR OF BLACKFEET MEDICINE LODGE.

the deeply significant and beautiful ceremonies will have become a matter of history.

Browning, Mont., is a little station on the Great Northern Railroad, just east of the Rocky Mountains, where the foothills roll down and flow away in the lonesome, sun-scorched plain that is green-grassed in the spring and then grows dry and yellow under the summer sun. To the man who does not know the country it is a lonely place, but to the man who has ridden the plains in the old days before many white men came it is not lonesome; it is part of a great, big, open wilderness where man learned to be big and do deeds.

Should you have happened into Browning station about the 4th of July, you would have seen in the flat bottom of Willow Creek, between the station and town, a great, oval camp of Indian lodges, made of teepees that house probably six thousand Blackfeet Indians. Let us get off here and visit this reproduction of old-time days among the Blackfeet, for it is a thing to see and remember, because in a few years it will have



CHIEF BIG SPRING OF BLACKFEET TRIBE AND HIS SQUAW.



PHOTOS COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY KIBER PHOTO CO. FOR GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
BLACKFEET GRASS DANCERS.

DURING the week of July 2d the people of Little Dog, better known as the Blackfeet Indians, who occupy a reservation, 500,000 acres in extent, in the Two Medicine Country of northwestern Montana, just east of the new Glacier National Park, gave their last big Medicine Lodge and Grass Dance near Browning, Mont. Infinite pathos attaches to these deeply significant religious ceremonies of a vanishing race. Six thousand red men, composed of the most stalwart and industrious Indians remaining on the North American continent, participated in these festivities. In 1912 the government will open this reservation to white settlement, after allotting each Indian a farm, and a few years will transform the dun-colored prairies into fertile farms, and another of the former proud prairie tribes of North American Indians will have been assimilated. Many of the Blackfeet Indians are to-day wealthy. Their chief pleasure and profit lay in the raising of horses and cattle. Under new conditions they will devote greater attention to tilling the soil, and the ways of the white man will become their ways and

vanished. As you leave the depot and walk toward the camp, you will see horses scattered all over the landscape—sturdy Indian stock that in the old days was the measure of wealth among the wild people. Of course there are dogs—dogs of all sizes, colors and kinds, just as there used to be in every Indian camp. Moving here and there are groups of solitary figures on foot and horseback, drifting over this yellow landscape. In the background is the circle of lodges all facing the east, where the sun shines first. Inside the circle the ground is bare save for two lodges that house the "Crazy Dog" clan, or really "Brave Dogs," who in the old days were a secret society whose duty it was to police the camp and to keep order.

At the opposite end of the circle there is still another lone lodge painted with many figures of men and horses in action, painted in crude colors and drawn in a crude way. This lodge is empty, but it is pitched there so that the spirit of Little Plume may have a place still in this annual gathering. Little Plume was a big man among these people, and only a few months ago his shadow went to the

(Continued on page 100.)

Sporting Gossip

Fried Baseball, a Quartet of English Athletes and a New Swimming Champion

By ED. A. GOEWEY

"BELIEVE me," said the Old Fan, as he wiped his fevered brow and gulped down another glass of ice water, "I've had about all the hot weather I can stand. If this torrid-zone temperature strikes this part of the country around July again next year, baseball or no baseball, I'm going to go out with an expedition to search for those Dr. Cook records. I love my baseball, but I don't want it fried."

"However, the fans are sticking to the sport nobly, and, though attendance at nearly every game means a Turkish bath, they are accepting the unwelcome conditions with as good grace as possible and whooping things up as in former years. And you can't blame them, for the pennant fights in the National and American leagues this year are about the most exciting and sensational in the history of the game. In fact, it is certain that in the whole history of the National League—and that extends over more years than some of you can remember—there has never been such a close fight. For some time four clubs—the Cubs, the Giants, the Quakers and the Pirates—have been right at each other's throats day after day, fighting for first place, and none of the quartet has been able to hold the coveted position for more than a brief period. And not so long ago the Cardinals took a wonderful spurt and joined in the battle royal with the old-time leaders, and any one of the five may yet win the pennant."

"It looks as if the Reds, the Superbas and the Bean Eaters have the last three positions in the league cinched, so they can be passed over. Of the five real fighting clubs, it looks as if the Philadelphia outfit stands the most likely chance to win out in the end. Dooen has a fine staff of twirlers, his men are hitting well and if any of the veterans grow a bit shaky, there are plenty of promising youngsters ready to jump right in and play A No. 1 baseball. Weak spots in the Quaker team are not easy to find, and it is a good wager that they'll wind up in first place, and, at the worst, no farther down the list than second. Roger Bresnahan deserves the greatest possible praise for the work he is doing with the Cardinals. St. Louis, always a fine ball town, has been without a good National League club for years. Bresnahan was sent for to manage the wreck of a club, then owned by the Robison brothers, and told 'to go as far as he liked.' And Roger did. Kicking out all the old and useless material, he started in to develop practically a new club from his youngsters. The work has been slow and hard, but he has succeeded beyond expectations, and to-day the St. Louis outfit is able to hold its own with any club in the league. Roger's pitchers look as if they will be able to hold out till the end of the season and he is a stone wall in the catcher's job. If the rest of the team doesn't lose its nerve when the great, big, gruelling fights of the final weeks take place, the club may finish second or third. I know that, outside of a few cities, the entire West is rooting night and day for the Cardinals to win the pennant. I don't think they can stand the strain well enough to do that, but I wouldn't mind it a bit if they captured the bunting. Roger, the club and the St. Louis fans certainly deserve the plum as much as anybody."

"The Cubs started the season in poor condition. The pitching staff was lamentably weak, Manager Chance was ill and Evers was out of the lineup entirely. Chance played until absolutely compelled to keep away from his place in the field through a complete physical breakdown. Some trades that he made in June and the dogged pluck of all the players have kept the Chicago aggregation right up in the front of the fighting ranks all of the time, and the great battle put up by the Cubs during this season will go down in history as one of the most splendid performances in baseball. If these boys win the pennant, it will be almost a miracle. The Pirates have been and are making a game fight, but the club is all shot to pieces and probably will not finish better than fourth or fifth. Clarke, Wagner and others of the old-timers have battled well, but the old team spirit and the right kind of pitching are missing. Perhaps in a couple of years, when the Pittsburgh team has been remodeled, they will again figure as likely pennant winners."

"The Giants have turned out to be the greatest disappointment in baseball. Figured by their past records, etc., half the fans in the country picked them as sure first-place winners up to the time the season opened. But they have shown that they haven't the class of a real pennant-winning club, and without McGraw's generalship and Mathewson's pitching they would be back in the second division. Matty showed for the first three months of the season that he was the only real dependable twirler in the outfit, but he was overworked

and went stale early in July. The other pitchers are all 'in-and-outers,' one day doing marvelous stunts and the next performing like bush leaguers. The fielding has been splendid and the batting fair. If the pitchers come round and Mathewson can hold out, the Giants will still have a good chance for the pennant, for foxy Johnny McGraw has a good substitute

the wrong side of Easy Street for some weeks to come.

"Wouldn't it be funny if the pennants in both leagues were won by the Philadelphia clubs? If this happens, there will be a great series of games in Quakertown for the championship of the world this fall. A careful study of the statistics up to the present writing will show that the teams in the American League are playing a far superior article of ball to that being put up by the National Leaguers, and I believe the world's championship pennant will go to the Johnson organization again this season. In any event, there is going to be a great weeding out of veterans in the league presided over by Mr. Lynch before the bell rings for the first games of 1912, and it is even possible that McGraw may dispense with some of his near-pitchers who have been drawing salaries without delivering the goods for a long, long time."

"You have, of course, given close attention to the fine fight the Athletics are putting up to gain a permanent hold on first place in the American League, and no doubt it has occurred to you that any pitcher who goes into the box to face Connie Mack's boys has a tremendous task before him to score a victory. The clever manager has trained all of his men in batting and most of them can sting the ball day in and day out, and even the weaker hitters are liable to break up a game at any time. Here is what the opposing pitcher must face: Lord, who at present is batting about .335 and very often hits for extra bases; then Oldring, with an average of about .285, or Strunk, who sticks around .292; third is wonderful Eddie Collins, with .397; then Baker, .326; McInnis, around .400; Murphy, .358, and Barry, .284. Among the backstops Lapp bats around .338; Livingston, .345, and Thomas, about .290. Last, we have the pitchers, and they are far from being 'easy.' Bender is batting around .273; Plank, .275; Coombs, .265, and Krause, .261. Is it any wonder, after considering what a bunch of sluggers those Philadelphia boys are, that they send cold chills down the back of three-fourths of the pitchers sent in against them?"

"The local option Sunday baseball bill has been put through the assembly of New York State. It permits the voters of any city, village or town to vote on a proposition whether baseball shall be played on Sunday."

"The old Sheephead Bay clubhouse, located within a stone's throw of the Coney Island Jockey Club's race track, was sold at auction on July 12th. The clubhouse is a pretentious structure, well built, with spacious grounds surrounding it. One of its art treasures is the mounted head of a moose that Colonel Roosevelt shot when President of the United States. He presented the trophy to L. V. Bell, the well-known broker and patron of the turf. Bell, who was at the time a member of the Sheephead Bay Club, gave the moose head to the club. For years it has held a conspicuous place in the club's parlor."

"Pitcher Nelson, of the St. Louis Browns, has gained thirty pounds in weight since the season began. He contracted a severe cold while doing service as a brakeman in Michigan last winter. This developed into inflammatory rheumatism."

"Fighters have been unusually busy of late, seeking matches, issuing challenges and signing for bouts. The hot weather has not worried them. The most important match arranged for is the Jack Johnson-Bill Lang bout, next Easter Monday, at Sydney, N. S. W. Hugh McIntosh has guaranteed Johnson a purse, win, lose or draw. This is the first fight the champion has signed for since he beat Jeffries a year ago. Lang is managed by McIntosh."

"According to the New York Sun, somebody asked Pitcher Alexander, of the Philadelphia Nationals, the other day, to explain the secret of his wonderful success this year, and this was his sensible reply:

"I study the weakness of a batsman and try to place the ball where he can't hit it. There isn't much difference between the majors and the minors except that you receive better fielding support in fast company, and that always encourages a pitcher."

"I haven't tried to experiment with any mysterious shoot and never will. I rely on my side arm curve a great deal when in tight places and continually change my pace. I've been playing professional ball only three years and the thought that some day I'd be in the National League never entered my mind until I was bought from Syracuse. I never abuse my health, keep in good trim and like to pitch whenever called upon."

"I don't believe in a pitcher trying to master too many curves. All I have is a side-arm curve, an overhand inshoot and a hop to my fast ball."



P. J. BAKER,
Of Cambridge University, who won the
mile run in 4 min. 27.3 sec.



F. G. BLACK,
Of Cambridge University, who won the
440-yard dash in 49.4 sec.



E. G. TAYLOR,
Of Oxford University, who won the two-
mile run in 9 min. 29.5 sec., thus estab-
lishing a new record for the international
meet. This event was hotly contested,
but the Americans fell back at
the finish.



G. E. PUTNAM,
Of Oxford University, who won the 16-
pound hammer event with a throw of
151 feet 5 in. Mr. Putnam is an Ameri-
can Rhodes scholar. His throwing beat
his own countrymen, as it was his event
that decided the international contest.

THE ENGLISH ATHLETES WHO DEFEATED THE AMERICAN COLLEGIANS FROM YALE AND HARVARD IN LONDON ON JULY 11, BY A SCORE OF 5 TO 4.

for every position in the field and accidents cannot weaken his club a great deal. In fact, the fans think some of the substitutes are better than the regulars; but McGraw has hung on to veterans before, through a spirit of friendship, until pennants have been lost to the metropolis."

"In the American League it looks like a battle to the death between the Detroit Tigers of Hughey



T. H. ROBINSON, OF PRINCETON,
Winning the 400-yard swim in the intercollegiate outdoor swimming contests at Sheep-
head Bay, N. Y., on July 8. Mr. Robinson's time, 6 min. 53 sec., establishes
a new record. Princeton University easily captured the
intercollegiate swimming championship.

Jennings and Connie Mack's Athletics, with the chances very largely in favor of the latter. The Athletics seem to be back in their 1910 form and they bid fair to set the pace for all the other clubs in baseball long before the close of the season. However, New York, Chicago, Boston and Cleveland will do well enough right along to keep the leaders on

How To Save Our Camping Places

Timely Hints for Those Who Follow the Wilderness Trails
This Summer

By ENOS A. MILLS

A CHANGE for the better is slowly coming over the conduct of those who camp in the wilderness. This good improvement in outdoor etiquette is being brought about by the thoughtful, considerate manners of the members of the Appalachian and Sierra clubs, the Audubon Society and by the ideals of some nature books. After all, this is a critical time for the wilderness, and the active assistance of all nature lovers is needed to keep unimpaired and to perpetuate our parks and wild places of recreation. Many nations have fallen, but none for keeping too many wild gardens. The frontier is gone and the outdoors of yesterday are almost extinct. We still have, however, some splendid fringes and fragments of wilderness. But many of these places are being impaired and endangered through misuse. Often the wilderness is mistreated as though worthless, no man's land.

Better manners in campers is the great need of the wilderness. Our recreation places in the wilds are being steadily used by ever-increasing numbers of people, and these places need more thoughtful care from all users that they may continue ever fresh and wild. To ruin our scenic recreation places is to rob the future and to injure ourselves. The temporary camp of some leaves a permanent, ugly scar in the wilderness; there are destruction and defacement. During an outing many people simply forget their manners and run amuck; often they are as destructive and as irresponsible as children. Notwithstanding they are uninvited though welcome guests to Nature's garden, their conduct is selfish and bad. Although most of this recklessness is thoughtless exuberance and but little of it wanton, its effect is none the less ruinous. Living trees are hacked, carved, peeled and sometimes burned at the stake. Song birds are shot and hope-filled nests used as targets. Wild flowers are treated as though pernicious weeds. A general persecution is extended to every living thing. Many of the frightened wild folk flee for their lives, and I am sure that the trees, too, would escape if they could. At times, I suppose, trees cannot avoid reflecting concerning the conduct of campers and no doubt often look scornfully down on these barbarous, migrating animals, proud of the fact that they are above them!

Now and then in the wilds I have come upon a place recently vacated by a jolly camping party and found behind only a few unavoidable traces of their camping—no scattered cans or junk and no disfigured trees. It is ever a joy to meet people of this kind, either by the campfire or in their refined home. One evening, after a day on the heights among crags and stained snowdrifts, I descended into the forest with the intention of camping alone on the shore of a small Alpine lake. By chance there arrived at this secluded lake during the afternoon three separate camping parties, all of whom were busy establishing camps when I appeared. While enjoying supper with one set of campers, two strangers from the nearest campfire came with the request that every one assemble at dark near their tent to enjoy a big bonfire. A score of people gathered to see the lighting.

A large pile of dead logs and limbs awaited the torch. This pile—a funeral pyre—was against the base of a veteran spruce that stood alone in a narrow, grassy strip between the woods and the lake. While trying to decide how to save the tree from fiery, torturous death, a lady from the third camp walked calmly away from the group. At a few yards she

stopped and gazed upward at the top of the doomed spruce. In a moment she had every one guessing as to the height of the spruce, then there was a rush and merry jostling over the waiting firewood as every one tried to measure the diameter of the old tree. The guesses concerning the probable age of this veteran tree indicated a general and pathetic ignorance of all the pathos and poetry of forest life. At last it occurred to some one that a bonfire at the base might kill the spruce. In the momentary silence which followed this suggestion, some one declared the lake shore was the place of places for a campfire—that the water would reflect the



THESE ARE THE DELIGHTS WE MUST PRESERVE.

There is nothing that can quite equal the freedom and the quiet of a camp in the wilderness.



WATCH YOUR CAMP FIRES.

Millions of dollars' worth of timber are destroyed in the United States every year through the carelessness of campers and smokers. A little care is all that is necessary to prevent this loss.

movements of both flames and smoke and show changes and shadings. The woodpile was moved. Eagerly the fire blazed and gushed by the water's edge. While it burned and faded, our heroine told of the struggles which trees make with the elements and insects, of their adventurous lives and their romantic seed sowing for the life to come. Every one walked away from the fading embers

and varied bugle song will ebb and flow on forever.

Often I have wished that there might be an effective sign or suggestive quotation that would agreeably linger in the mind of all and ever kindly counsel the protection of the wild plants and animals. I wish that every one might vividly imagine that the bended limbs above the arched and leafy entrances to the woods ever shaped themselves into these assuring words, "Health and hope for all who enter here," and, once within the mellow-lighted and peaceful place, that all would responsively hear the treetops whispering, "These are your fountains and gardens of life; kindly assist in keeping them."

Where We Make a Mistake.

OUR COUNTRY enjoys the distinction of deliberately excluding its most successful citizens in industry and finance from active participation in the affairs of government. Speaking on "The Problems of the Corporations," at the West Side Y. M. C. A., Paul D. Cravath deplored this unjust discrimination, for which newspaper headlines and muck-raking magazine articles have been so largely responsible. "In England, Germany and France," he said, "men like Mr. Morgan, Mr. Schiff, Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Hill would not only be welcomed into the councils of the government, but would be almost forced by the mere fact of their wealth and success and their prominence in the business world to take their share of public responsibility. With us these men, so far as public matters are concerned, are relegated to the domain of unofficial activity and if their advice is sought by the government it is usually with caution, if not apology." As we have frequently pointed out, if we are to have a successful business administration of the affairs of the country, it must be through the wisdom and advice of men who have made a success in business life. It is small wonder, in face of the villification that is certain to result, that it is found so difficult to get successful business men to enter the race for elective office or to accept executive appointments.

Not only do the inaccuracies of the press and the unfairness with which our captains of industry are treated rob the government of splendid service it might otherwise have, but they also injure our financial interests abroad. In connection with the prospective refusal of the Prussian government to permit the shares of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway to be listed on the Berlin Stock Exchange, the German press gave vent to reckless and irresponsible abuse of American securities in general. "It is treason for us," one paper says, "to allow billions of worthless issues to be dumped on German markets." But, recalling the patriotic utterances of our own muck-rakers, it is not surprising to see foreign papers taking the cue from them for wholesale denunciation of American securities.

Still the Land of Opportunity.

AMERICA may still rightfully be called the land of opportunity, despite the calamity howler. August Clondeaux, of Ford City, Pa., an expert glass worker who twenty-one years ago came to this country without a dollar, has just sailed for his native Denmark, taking with him a snug fortune made in the glass industry in Alleghany valley. He is accompanied by his wife and two dozen sturdy children. In spite of the trusts and the captains of industry, this immigrant without capital, through the industry and frugality of himself and wife, has been able to make a comfortable fortune and has now returned to his native land to enjoy it. Is there any other country in the world where this could happen? Turning to another section of the country, we get similar testimony. "The past decade," says the *Record*, of Colorado City, Tex., "has witnessed a marvelous improvement in the conditions of the Texas farmer, and he has passed from a life of toil and hardship to one of affluence and luxury."



KEEP YOUR CAMP KITCHEN IN ORDER.

Do not throw tin cans and other debris about the camp. Those who come after you expect to find the wilderness as fresh and clean as you found it.



DON'T CUT DOWN TREES FOR FIREWOOD.

Plenty of fallen timber and driftwood is usually at hand ready for the gathering. This is one of the easiest ways to preserve our camping places for our children's children.

of the fire with sympathy for the forest.

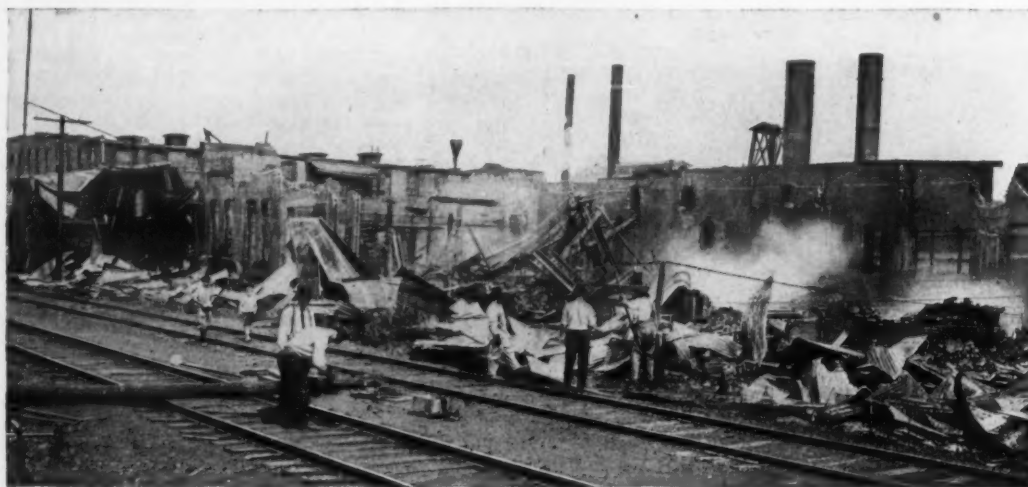
The kodak is helping to save the wilderness. It is one of the most influential factors in promoting a more rational and refined view of the flowers, the birds and the trees. It throws the robe of beauty artistically over everything. Through it the search is led for nature's best; it reveals fairy lands and develops an appreciation of the beautiful. The carrier of the kodak finds inspiration in nature's garden and unconsciously becomes a protector of the garden; the kodak carrier is never cursed by those who follow after. It requires more skill to focus a kodak than a rifle upon big game; the triumphs of picture taking are infinitely greater than the triumphs of the trigger. Picture taking will help soften and subdue the savage heart of man; it is destined to displace the rifle in outdoor literature and will help the wilderness win our hearts. Some time the rifle's deadly echo will fade for the last time from the endless melody of the wild, while nature's grand



THE PEDRO MIGUEL LOCK VIEWED FROM THE NORTH, SHOWING THE ADVANCED STAGE OF CONSTRUCTION OF THE WEST CHAMBER. There will be twelve locks in the Canal, all in duplicate; three pairs in flight at Gatun with a combined lift of eighty-five feet. No vessel will be permitted to enter or pass through the locks under its own power. The time required to pass a vessel through these lifts is estimated at three hours.

The dimension

STRIKING SIGNS OF PROGRESS ON T



A \$100,000 FIRE AT SPRINGFIELD, O.
Smoldering debris of the big United Iron Works which burned on July 6.
The fire was caused by an engine spark falling on the roof.

HURLBURT

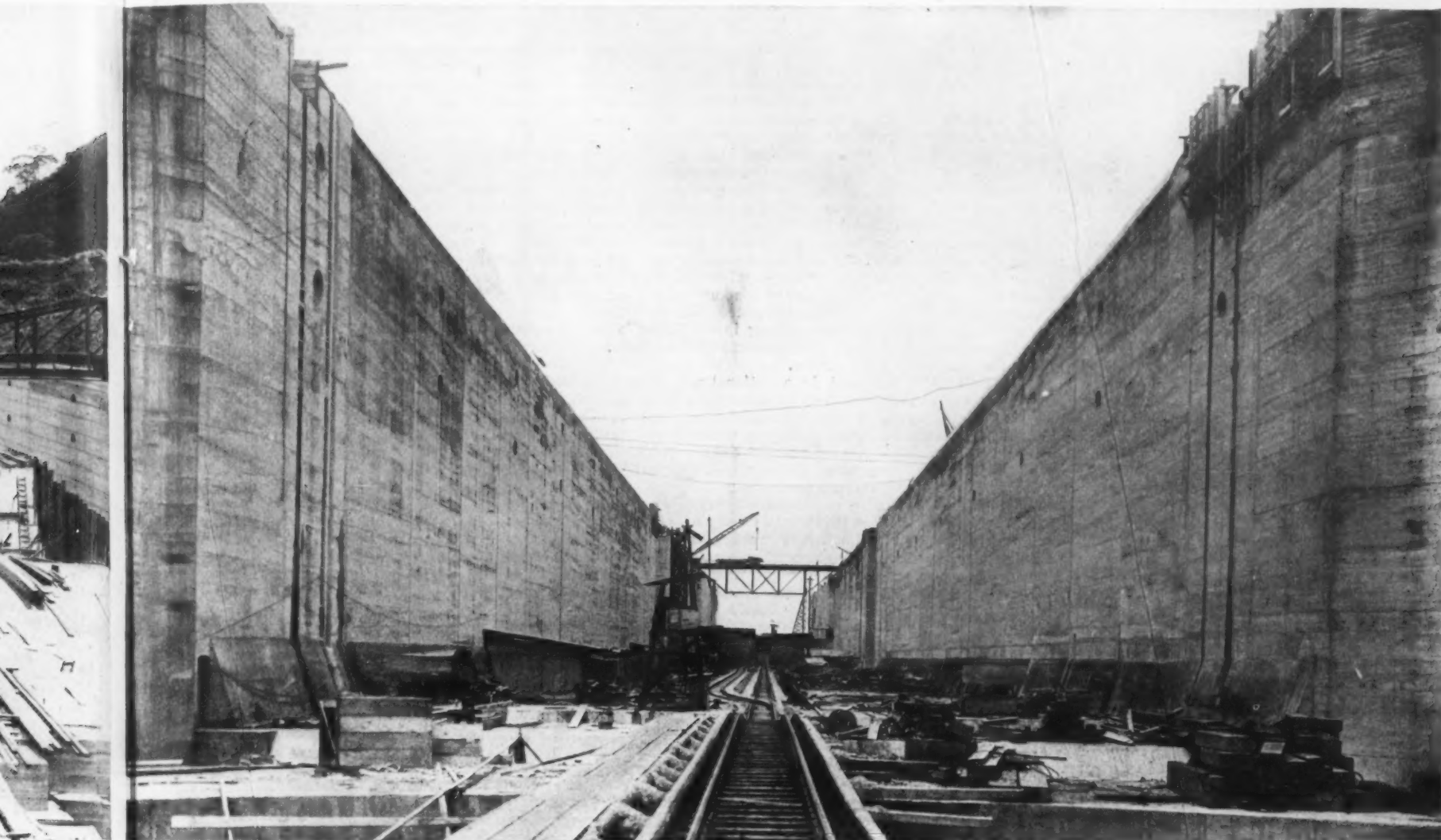


FATAL BUILDING DISASTER AT BUFFALO, N. Y.
Wreck of the new pumping station which collapsed on June 30, killing eight men and injuring five, and causing a loss of \$200,000. The accident was due, it is said, to defective steel girders.

ESTABROOKS



SPECTACULAR OIL FIRE AT PORTLAND
Burning tanks made a volcanic appearance. Despite the heavy rain the spectators were not deterred from the conflagration.



THE UPPER LOCK AT GATUN VIEWED FROM THE NORTH END OF THE EAST CHAMBER.

PHOTOS BY PICTORIAL NEWS CO.

The dimensions of all the locks are the same, 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide. In the construction of the locks it is estimated that there will be used approximately 4,500,000 cubic yards of concrete. Intermediate gates will be used in locking small vessels through.

PROGRESS ON THE PANAMA CANAL



ACULAR OIL FIRE AT PORTLAND, ORE.
Despite the heavy rain the spectators dared danger from explosion to watch the conflagration.



THE MOBILIZED TROOPS LEAVING TEXAS.

Second Provisional Regiment, U. S. A., Lieut.-Col. C. P. Townley, marching to the ship which bore them from Galveston. The officer riding at the head of the line is Brig.-Gen. A. L. Mills.



REMARKABLE WRECK ON THE IRON MOUNTAIN RAILROAD.

The train left the track near El Dorado, Ark., and three cars were overturned. Twenty-five passengers were thrown out, but no one was seriously hurt. A baby and its mother were hurled through a window, but were uninjured.

Diverting a Pastime

(Continued from page 94.)

assistants who are ready to spend the time, after working hours, with young men patrons of the place, and most of these dance places are so unrestrictive in their clientele that the fringe of onlookers in the cheaper places nearly always contains men and women who are seeking recruits for the traffic in shame. One proprietor of a Polish dance hall, when visited by a woman who presented a card of a proprietor of a house of prostitution in Buffalo, when asked by her if he had any girls whom she could use, expressed no astonishment, but simply stated that he had none suitable for her line of business, as none spoke English.

The big dance halls or "ballrooms" are usually rented out night after night to all kinds of organizations for balls, receptions and so-called "rackets." Most often these affairs are in the charge of a group of young men organized purely for the purpose of renting this dance hall for the one evening and making out of it such revenue as they can. These are the organizations whose posters cover the fences and appear profusely in the saloon windows as "The Barn Stormers," "The Fly-by-Nights," "The Merry Twirlers," "The Lady Violets," "The French Robins" and other choice appellations. The rental of the hall is based on a sliding scale commensurate with the amount of the liquor consumed, and a rebate is promised to the organizer if the bar receipts exceed a stipulated sum.

In studying the dance hall one comes continually against the liquor problem, so that it is claimed with much reason that the liquor interests control the amusement. In the small saloon dance hall, which is open nightly without an admission fee, it is understood that the dancing is permitted simply as a feeder to the sale of liquor. The music plays for three or four minutes, and there are intermissions covering a period of from fifteen to twenty minutes between the dances. During these times the people at the tables are constantly importuned to buy drinks. Girls not being entertained at the tables rush over to the dressing-rooms to avoid being seen on the floor. All the remaining couples are drinking, and the girl who comes under the eye of the manager as not drinking and not encouraging others to drink is frequently told that she must leave the place. Beer and other five-cent drinks are not fashionable at these places. The young man wants to make an impression and therefore induces the girl to drink Mamie Taylors, cocktails and other insidious mixtures. With heads spinning and dazed by liquor, it is small wonder that the way home leads to a conveniently located hotel near the dance hall. Some dance halls make a business of providing information as to available rooms in the neighborhood.

Under the auspices of the church or of the many types of uplift organizations, girls have generally been denied dancing and the opportunity to meet the other sex. These social groups have been afraid to bring young people together, even under the best possible circumstances. They have neglected the greatest moral censor in the community. They have not realized that public opinion and publicity bring about a betterment of conditions such as no preaching can obtain, and as the doors of the "social room" have been closed to the natural resource of young people, they have found outlets for themselves. A stream cannot be dammed by a fence. It eddies around or over or through the barricade and seeks crevices and byways unthought of before. The proprietor of the dance hall or of the saloon is wise in his knowledge of human nature. He gives what is wanted. At the hour when the church bells are calling in vain, the dance-hall orchestra is playing to a crowded house. This is the dark side of the picture.

The possibilities for good in a rational use of dancing as a means of attraction for young girls are only just beginning to be appreciated. The cry is first raised against the dance hall. In one hundred and thirty-three cities throughout the country the dance hall has come into public notice. In a reform movement restrictions are the first resource of the uninitiated. Repression, elimination, absolute closing of all dance halls is the first demand of the thoughtless; but the dance hall is too firmly grounded in the elemental needs of our communities to be disposed of so easily. Young people want recreation. They want the kind that appeals to youth, that gives the greatest opportunity for self-expression.

The desire for the dance is in itself innocent, and with proper environment gives to young working men and women the social opportunities otherwise denied by the economic restrictions of their homes. The girls are only seeking what all girls seek—the opportunity to place themselves in life. If their homes and their lives are such that they are driven to find these social resources in public places, is it wise to close the doors of these places against them? On the contrary, there is need for thousands of such public social opportunities under the most natural auspices in the world. There are no hosts so democratic as the people themselves. There is no chaperon as careful as the light of publicity. There is no dictator of manners and customs as strict as public opinion. The people themselves are expressed in organized form through their various types of governments.

The city, the town, the village must all recognize that playgrounds for children solve only half the problem. The dangerous period in the life of the young girl is during adolescence, between fourteen

and twenty. If she can be guided through these years with proper provision for the wholesome expression of her emotional and mental needs, she will add to the glory of our American womanhood. If she is forced into the byways, guided by the lowest types of commercialized amusements, there is small hope for her.

There are good dance halls in many parts of the country. Some are under the direction of the city, like those in Chicago, where the field houses in the small parks serve the purpose of a dance hall available for young people of the neighborhood at all times. Frequently good dance halls are found as private enterprises conducted on the principle that the best thing pays. These modern model dance institutions are in the Western cities, with the exception of a few in New York that have been brought about through the activities of the committee on amusements and vacation resources.

To make the most of what we have, not to fly to new things or to the total elimination of the old ones, is the first lesson in dealing with a vital recreation problem. How to create an evolution in the existing type of dance hall is all the need. It can be done in several ways. Sometimes all that is needed is a little judicious regulation by means of public ordinance or by licensing dance halls. The latter plan is being tried in New York City, Cleveland and in Kansas City, and has been recommended in a number of other places. Then, in order to secure the interest of the municipality in establishing public recreation places, it is necessary that those existing be successful, and, therefore, it is best to attempt to utilize such material as is nearest at hand, so as not to increase the burdens of the taxpayer. In other words, the established parks, the schoolhouses and such other public gathering places are first utilized as neighborhood recreation centers.

If the dance-hall problem did not have its constructive side, it would merit small consideration. The responsibility for the condition it creates does not rest with the proprietors of amusement resorts. They are giving what they believe the public wants. The community that tolerates without an attempt at improvement is culpable.

The Greek city had two focal points—the Parthenon and the Stadium. Each was of equal importance in the highly developed civic life of Greece. We have no new problems to solve; only old ones in new dresses. We need to learn to meet them in old, not new, ways. The safe and sane celebration of the Fourth of July is gaining ground because it offers good for bad. The people who want to counteract the effect of the bad dance halls must needs provide the good—by all the people, for all the people.

The Tragedy of the Last Grass Dance

(Continued from page 95.)

sandhills, which is the ultimate resting place of all good men and true among the Blackfeet. So the lodge is a ghost lodge pitched there that the ghost of Little Plume may join his people even though unseen, and this lodge is regarded as the place of abode of his spirit, which attends this celebration unseen. Let us sit here on the slope on the east side of the camp, where we can overlook the circle and watch the sun slide down into the west and turn the great range of the continental divide into a solid blue wall.

At noon the camp of the Blackfeet Indians is quiet. By two o'clock a tom-tom here and there begins its intermittent, throbbing beat, and the people don their finery for the afternoon and evening festivities. By three o'clock many Indians are about in full dress—the men with war bonnets, slashed buckskin costumes elaborately decorated with bead and porcupine-quill work and hung profusely with skins of the medicine weasel; the women in bright-colored, heavily beaded skirt and jacket of cloth of buckskin, some of them literally covered with elk teeth, many of them covered with miniature bells that tinkle musically as they walk, all their faces painted with vermilion, yellow ocher, black or combinations of these and other colors. Horses gallop in every direction and there is an air of activity all over the camp. The medicine lodge, which is built of poles and thatched with cottonwood boughs, down in the middle of the camp circle, is the rendezvous for all, for the medicine is to be made there this afternoon. A tom-tom begins to throb and beat and boom on the hot afternoon air. By and by the sharp, short notes of the eagle-wing-bone medicine whistle begins to help the drum, for Yellow Owl is making strong medicine. It is time to go to the medicine lodge now and watch the mystery of it all.

On the west side of the Blackfeet's medicine lodge an alcove is built of green boughs. This is Yellow Owl's private place and it faces the door of the medicine lodge, which always opens to the east, toward the rising sun. Hung about the great medicine center pole of the lodge are many offerings of clothing, blankets and other belongings which these people have given to the sun as sacrifices to their gods. These may not be touched or taken away by any man; they are for the sun! Inside the lodge a circle of chiefs in full regalia have gathered, and behind them the people crowd, watching Yellow Owl make medicine to the sun. The drums throb in ceaseless, boom-

ing beat, which Yellow Owl accompanies with his eagle-wing-bone whistle, while he stands staring at the sun, an eagle feather in one hand, a cedar branch in the other, whistling and swaying his body continuously. Back of the circle of chiefs are gathered the Indians in a solid and bright-colored mass, sober-faced, keen-eyed and watching all the proceedings, for they understand what all this mystery means as no white man can ever understand it unless he lives with and is practically one of the Indians themselves.

There is a weirdness about all of this medicine lodge work, a mysticism as deep and as old as the oldest East, and it leads one into a mass of mythological, semi-religious ceremonials that it would take days and days to explain, because the whole system of Indian mytho-religious belief is interwoven and tangled into an intricate maze that must be picked up and followed thread by thread, each thread to its end, that you may understand why medicine is made—and medicine, by the way, in this sense does not mean a curative, but it means magic or mystic power. It is the process of appealing to a representative or servant of any god or any collection of gods, and Indian gods are legion. Don't forget this while you look on these medicine ceremonies; otherwise they will be meaningless to you and you will probably be guilty of a breach of etiquette in laughing at what appears to be foolishness, but, nevertheless, is an entirely serious religious ceremony.

The sun is down nearly to the mountain tops before we have seen enough and turn in the direction of another group of people some two hundred or three hundred yards away, where more drums are booming and a dust cloud rises. There is certainly something doing over there. We investigate and find the grass dance under full headway. The mass of people here are standing or sitting in the circle that leaves perhaps fifty yards of open ground in the center. Off to one side of the circle a big drum lies on its side on the ground, and around it are grouped, shoulder to shoulder, eight or ten stalwart young Indians clad in all their finery, each one with a single drumstick in his hand and all pounding that drum for all they are worth, a steady, rhythmic beat in perfect unison. The time does not break, but is a steady, rather fast boom, boom, boom! one beat after another, growing slightly faster all the time until it suddenly ends with a crash. This is the music for the grass dance.

The reason for the grass dance of the Blackfeet Indians is of a semi-religious nature, the same as all

these ceremonies are among savage people. It is designed to call the attention of the gods, big and little of all kinds, wherever they may be, to the fact that the people desire a good season with plenty of grass, for, you know, about everything the Indian wanted in the old days depended largely on a good supply of grass. The grass furnished feed for his horses, which were the measure of his wealth; also the buffaloes must have grass, and plenty of it, or they would not come into the country on their annual migrations, and no buffalo meant starvation, lack of clothing, lack of skin for making teepees, beds and a good many other things that the Indian had to have. This year will witness what is probably the last great grass dance. It is something that you should see, and if you live in the far East you can well afford to spend two or three hundred dollars to see it, for by and by it will have vanished and the yellow plain there at Browning will bake in the sun and the west wind will chant ghost songs for these grass-dancers who are passing to-day. A-a-a-a-yah!

It is only a matter of moons, my brother, until there will be no more Indian grass dancers, for they will have vanished just as the buffalo vanished before them. Remember, please, that once upon a time this ground was trampled hard with the hoofs of myriads of buffaloes that fed across these same yellow plains where the grass dancers hold forth now, and yet you may look and search and peer about from where the sky comes down to the edge of the world in the north to where it comes down to the edge of the world in the south, and not one buffalo will you find in all this yellow, wind-swept plain; for the buffalo is gone, it has vanished and left no trace, and these grass dancers are following fast on his trail.

I knew the old buffalo days, for I saw the herds stretch across the land into the edge of the sky in all directions. I knew these red men who lived in the buffalo country and depended on the buffalo for meat. I saw the buffalo go and to-day I see the last remnant of the red man following him, and I feel like going to the top of Rising Wolf Mountain yonder on the backbone of the continent and making ghost medicine to get these things of the old days back again, for the old days seemed good and this celebration to me takes on a note of melancholy tragedy. Moving pictures have been taken of this last ceremony and will be found exhibited in the theaters of America and Europe, illustrating the passing of the original American.

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A Prose Snapshot of the Far West

By a Tenderfoot

(Extract from a young college graduate's letter.)

I BLEW into Martinville, Mont., on March 25th, 1911, and met my "pardner" and K., the entomologist, here. We found it advisable to work for a few days on this—the east—side of the Bitter Root Valley. While we were looking around trying to find some ranch favorably situated where we could stay, I recognized an Amherst 1909 man who was driving past in a farm wagon. After a little talk we ended by going out to his ranch with him. He was just married and had come out here on the N. O. and D. Co.'s ranch as superintendent. They arrived here only a week or two ago, and as all their furniture and wedding presents are still en route from the East, they are rather put to it to find some place to sit and sleep. There is an old ranch house on the place and they are slowly making it into a very comfortable and cozy home. He knows absolutely nothing about orcharding (which is the principal occupation here) or any kind of farming, and so, of course, has to hire a foreman and various other experts to advise and help him. He'll learn in time, though, and as they have plenty of money behind, I guess they have an excellent show of making a big success of the undertaking.

The night that I arrived on the scene he fired the foreman, and as the foreman's wife was cook for the outfit, Mrs. P. had to turn in and do the work. She was from Connecticut (also from Smith College), and as she never had done any cooking at all, it was certainly interesting to see her try to cook for and wait on the fifteen or more "hands" who clamored to be fed. Mr. H. (my "pardner" from the Biological Survey) and I turned in and helped, but even at that the first couple of meals were somewhat "rocky." Perhaps the funniest performance was her effort to make scrambled eggs for the ravenous fifteen. She just put a little grease in the frying pan and set it on the hottest part of the stove. Then she broke one egg into the pan, where it at once started to fry, instead of scrambling. After stirring this poor egg a little, she left it to its fate, went several steps to get another, and then treated that in the same way. I arrived on the scene just as the fourth egg began to fry and the first to burn to a crisp. Of course I was Johnny-on-the-spot and saved the day. Though she didn't know anything about cooking, she certainly had the right idea, and I admired the way she waited on those horny-palmed "hands."

While in the Southwest I ran up against a lot of uncivilized phenomena. Here in Montana, and especially in this valley, there is a weird mixture of New York and Dead Man's Gulch. The valley was originally a cattle, horse and sheep country, and the original settlers were stock men. Then, some few years ago, some one discovered that apples would yield more than stock, and since then nearly every one has abandoned stock and gone into orcharding. During the last two or three years a large number of young Eastern people (largely college men) have moved in, and there is a very distinct line of appearance and feeling between these newcomers and the old-time "Bitter Rooters." Almost every one is more or less rich, though the characteristic Western disregard for appearances makes it hard to tell whether a given man is worth ten cents or ten million. All these factors combine to make about the most incongruous combination of sights that it has ever been my fortune to see from a hotel (so-called) window. I'll try to give some idea of them.

Just across from this window is a frame saloon, with a long hitching rail in front of it. To this are tied seven ponies of all sizes and colors, with heads drooped and the air of being perfectly willing to wait all night if necessary. On the board sidewalk in front are three cowboys engaged in telling fairy tales to an individual who is quite evidently a newly arrived "Hinglishman." Across from Bud's place is the "Martinville Mercantile Company," where everything imaginable is for sale and where we shall to-morrow morning get the first three weeks' supplies for our camp. In front of this institution are a Flathead Indian, a squaw in a blanket and her small daughter dressed "a la Fifth Avenue,"

a sheep herder who has come across from Bud's and has been unable to get any farther, two last year's college graduates talking to a native who may be their prospective foreman, a big, hulking man whom I know to be a "real estimator" worth several hundred thousands; an Italian organ grinder, two big automobiles and two little saddle horses.

While writing the above I heard an unusual amount of laughter, and on looking out saw a half-soused "puncher" sticking on a pony which was giving one of the finest exhibitions ever. He stuck to the saddle "like he was growed there," and when his hat was bucked off he waited his chance and picked it up while the pony was "swapping ends" and doing various other stunts. Among the spectators was a man in a silk hat and a retired farmer in his touring car.

On the third corner visible from this window is the Martinville Thirst Parlor, and outside of it a couple of women are handing out tags reading, "The Home versus the Saloon," one of which I have mailed to Betty. Here in the hotel parlor the waitress is at the piano playing "The Rock of Ages" one minute and trying to read this letter over my shoulder the next. From downstairs come the interesting and sometimes exciting noise and smell of the hotel bar. (I have just helped to carry a guest upstairs who fell out of a second-story window while soused, and broke one leg and a wrist.)

Now Dan Whaley, the "Prop." of this hotel, says that there's a couple of Forest Rangers downstairs in the bar who want to see me, so I'll let you rest until we get into camp.

Cowardice and the Rowdy.

A GENERAL principle of the Boy Scouts is a courteous and helpful attitude toward women and old people. They enter a much needed field. Since every human life repeats in embryo the development of the race, there is a period in the career of the normal boy in which he delights to give vent to his savage instincts. But this scientific explanation cannot account for the display of brutality and rowdiness among young men who have passed that stage. It would be impossible to find a more despicable example of such brutality than that of a gang of young hoodlums in Baltimore, who so taunted and worried Daniel Deutsch, a German Jew, eighty years old, that he died as the result. The mild taunts which the old man had endured for months became more severe the night before his death, the hoodlums blowing cigarette smoke in his face and calling him a "Jew miser." Running to take refuge from the crowd in a cheap lodging house, the old man overstrained his heart and the next morning was found dead in bed.

Boys should be taught that the taunting of a helpless old man, as well as rowdiness generally, is an evidence of cowardice. The gang which attacked a poor, aged Jew would not have dared to taunt a man who could have protected himself against them. And the same can be said of the rowdiness so frequent in public places and conveyances. It is essentially cowardice. If there is anything a boy dislikes to be accused of it is cowardice, and that lesson, duly impressed in early life, will have great weight.

Country Homes Fashionable.

THAT excellent authority on social matters, New York's *Summer Social Register*, just issued, shows an increase of twenty per cent. in the number of country homes opened this summer as compared with a year ago. It also shows that the number of persons who went abroad between April 1st and June 1st this year was fifty per cent. greater than in the spring of 1910. The *Register* shows that 7,500 families were staying inland this summer, 2,800 at the seashore, and over 1,400 on foreign tours. One noticeable feature of the *Register's* interesting figures is the discovery that the inland resorts of Canada are attracting visitors in increasing numbers.



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THIS urgent advice is given by physicians day by day in every civilized land—wherever sufferers from starved nerves and poor digestion seek relief. There is a reason for this. Physicians know that Sanatogen is a substance capable of supplying the real needs of a starved, overwrought nervous system—that it is a scientific combination of albumen and organic phosphorus—a compound eagerly absorbed by the hungry tissues and possessing unique tonic and reconstructive qualities. They also know from their own observation what Sanatogen has done for others. They have watched its revivifying action on persons whose nervous strength had been undermined by overwork, worry or disease, they have observed how it has infused renewed energy, life and elasticity into starved nerves, how it has regenerated the appetite, digestion, in short, how wonderfully it has helped to make the human machinery fit to perform its functions in the most perfect manner.

There are on file with the owners of Sanatogen no less than 15,000 letters from practicing physicians praising, endorsing, Sanatogen. Truly, a magnificent monument to the value of this food- tonic.

But no less impressive is the enthusiastic testimony of patients themselves. Men and women in the forefront of human endeavor, statesmen, prelates, authors, lawyers, have written above their own signatures of the wonderful benefits received from Sanatogen.

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first, if you like, and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book "Our Nerves of To-morrow," the work of a physician-author, written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

Sanatogen is sold in three sizes, \$1.00, \$1.90, \$3.60

Get it from your druggist—if not obtainable from him, write

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U. S. Senator from Washington, writes:

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The distinguished naturalist and author, writes:

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People Talked About

A POWERFUL defense was offered for Christian Science in the United States Senate. It was a remarkable speech by Senator John D. Works, of California. He frankly



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SENATOR JOHN D. WORKS,
Of California, who defended Christian Science in the United States Senate.

avowed his faith in the efficacy of the Christian Science treatment and told his colleagues how he and members of his family had been healed of their infirmities by practicing it. He was speaking in opposition to a bill introduced by Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, creating a department of public health. Senator Works stated that he himself had been cured of a persistent malady which he feared threatened his life. After resorting to Christian Science there was a complete cure. His wife was cured the same way after an illness of fifteen years with a disease which surgeons had predicted could only be relieved by the knife. The third cure to be wrought in the family was that of a son from the drink habit. "Senators may say to themselves, 'It is all a delusion,' but I want to say that if it is I hope the delusion will not be dispelled," said Senator Works. "It has healed the sick,

W. B. HOWLAND, who is a member of one of the committees of the national organization designed to arrange a fitting international celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of peace among English-speaking peoples, sailed recently on the *Amerika* for England.

THAT rising cartoonist, Jack Sears, who is rapidly forging to the front, has certainly developed originality of method in the production of funny pictures. His first step is to model his caricatures in clay (as is shown in our photograph), instead of sketching them on paper in the customary way, and he is the only artist in America who does this kind of thing. But he goes beyond the note of distinction struck here, and seeks at all times for his artistic efforts live, convincing ideas, out of the common and away from the conventional. Although he had never studied modeling, he realized that he had a bent for it and his first attempt at it was a success. For the ordinary mode of artistic expression he had some excellent training and his practical experience has been large. He studied at the Hopkins Art School, San Francisco; the Art Students' League, New York, and he worked for several years on Western newspapers before coming to New York, where he has secured a firm foothold. In the great city he has served several daily papers and a good deal of his best work has appeared of late years in *Judge*. Besides being an artist fertile in unhackneyed ideas, Mr. Sears is



JACK SEARS.
The only cartoonist in America who models caricatures in clay.

saved men and women from suffering and sin, and frequently been more effective than the surgeon's knife." It was one of the most unique appeals which have ever been heard on the floor of the Senate.

"WELL, I guess my time has come," said 108-year-old Mrs. Latchia Williams, of Lansing, Mich. She had been standing in the doorway, talking with a neighbor, but with that remark went inside and, lying down on a couch, passed peacefully away. The quiet, unruffled manner in which she met even death doubtless explains her remarkable length of life. Our own nervous, restless day might cultivate the same serenity of spirit to great advantage.

AS CHARACTERISTIC as anything about Speaker Champ Clark is his signature. It seems to show some of the quality which has made him a great man. It is a bold, clear hand. One of the best specimens of Mr. Clark's penmanship appears on the outside of his congressional envelope, used in official business in lieu of the customary stamp. This particular draught was made eighteen years ago, when Representative Clark came to Congress, and we reproduce it herewith:

Champ Clark

Some days Mr. Clark signs his name a dozen times and maybe the next a hundred, but the handwriting seldom varies and is always pleasing to the eye.

a believer in incessant industry. He is continually studying people wherever he mingles with them, and it is his habit, and the practice he urges on all who ask his advice, to aim to interpret nature and to "sketch, sketch and continue to sketch every day."

OF ALL things which it would be presumed a woman could not do would be dispatching trains. This work calls for an almost iron steadiness of nerves—cool, calm, careful, unshakable nervous equipment. Most men gifted by temperament and with technical experience cannot endure the brain-racking life of a dispatcher for more than a few years. The slightest mistake in receiving or transmitting an order or message may result in a wholesale destruction of human life or property. The terrible accident not far from Concord, N. H., a year or so ago, resulted from a tired dispatcher being taken with a touch of aphasia. It was proven he received the correct number, but, wonderful in manifestation as this subtle and weird disease is, he put down the wrong number. That any woman could be found sufficiently stable in nervous balance to endure anything of this tantalizing calling might be regarded as



THE ONLY WOMAN
TRAIN DISPATCHER
Mrs. Jennie Connor who directs the movements of 350 locomotives and 1,300 men.

taken with a touch of aphasia. It was proven he received the correct number, but, wonderful in manifestation as this subtle and weird disease is, he put down the wrong number. That any woman could be found sufficiently stable in nervous balance to endure anything of this tantalizing calling might be regarded as

almost a miracle. Mrs. Jennie Connor, of Rockland Street, Melrose Highlands, Mass., however, is one woman who has "made good" at this work. Mrs. Connor, handsome personally, has just the buoyancy and firmness of temperament for this occupation. She is "first trick" in the general telegraph office of the Portland division, Boston and Maine Railroad, motive-power department, Boston. Three hundred and fifty locomotives, comprising thirteen hundred men, are handled from this office. Also, the freight trainmasters' work, comprising all freight crews coming in and out of Boston, is directed from this office. Think of a dozen or more urgent telegraph calls in at once, and a woman systematically, calmly and accurately answering them and directing the work of an army of engines and men! She has to know every part of a huge modern locomotive, so as to know just how to send out orders for requisitions when some part of an engine breaks down. Think of a woman keeping house, rearing four children, studying telegraphy and perfecting herself to hold a position that many expert male telegraphers have tried to fill but failed! Mrs. Connor speaks of her work as if it were nothing very exceptional and as if there were no especial worry about it. Therein probably lies the secret of her ability—the faculty of not worrying about anything. "It used to make me a little nervous at first," she says, "but I've gotten all over it now."



MRS. LUKE LEA.

Wife of the junior Senator from Tennessee, whose husband's blood was given in a desperate attempt to save her life.

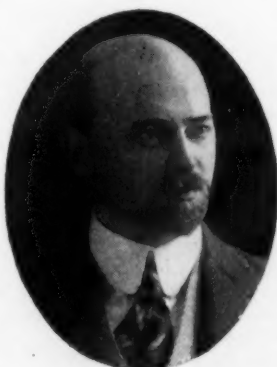
ATTENDANTS in the visitors' gallery on the Senate side not long ago noticed a charming young woman who arrived shortly before noon and did not leave until nearly four hours later. Luncheon time was omitted from her routine that day. She sat patiently and it was not until the fair watcher was beckoned to by Senator Luke Lea, of Tennessee, that she left. Those near by were not aware that it was Mrs. Lea. Along with her husband she had gone through a more or less trying ordeal. Senator Lea is probably the youngest man who has ever occupied a seat in the United States Senate. His wife had come to hear his first speech. The new Senator had hoped to have an opportunity to be heard earlier in the afternoon, but it was well toward evening when his turn came. Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, attempted to haze the young man, but Senator Lea was so amply able to take care of himself in debate that he was soon allowed to proceed undisturbed. Mrs. Lea came into the public eye not long ago when a heroic effort was made to save her life. She was operated on, and in a desperate attempt to overcome increasing weakness Senator Lea sacrificed a quantity of his blood. Her strength had almost disappeared.



LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

Taken on his seventy-second birthday at his home at Forest Hill, Cleveland, Ohio.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER celebrated his seventy-second birthday, on July 8th, at Cleveland, by playing golf with a minister. The newspapers say Mr. Rockefeller was beaten. Whatever may be said about his remarkable career, no one can deny that Mr. Rockefeller is one of the greatest captains of industry the country has ever produced. The revelations he made so frankly in the story of his life that he wrote for publication in a popular magazine opened the eyes of a great many to a juster conception of Mr. Rockefeller's character and ability. Those who believe that he found the pathway to wealth an easy one need only recall the stories he tells in his reminiscences of the days when, with superb faith in the future of his country, he was borrowing every dollar he could to build up the petroleum refining industry. A prominent foreign visitor, commenting on Mr. Rockefeller's career and on the injustice of the criticism of the yellow press, made this observation: "In any other country but this Mr. Rockefeller would have received the recognition of royalty itself for his accomplishments in promoting one of the greatest of all the nation's industrial enterprises." History will do justice to John D. Rockefeller. We congratulate him on his birthday anniversary. That it finds him in health, strength and vigor is the best certificate of his correct and Christian living.



BROR KRONSTRAND.

The noted portrait painter of Sweden, who recently completed a life-sized portrait of Mrs. Taft.

FEW PERSONS at the summer capital last year recognized, in a well-dressed young man of foreign and distinguished appearance, one of the great modern portrait painters, Bror Kronstrand, of Sweden. He did not wear a conspicuous black slouch hat, so frequently affected by men of the brush anxious to have their profession known at a glance. The gentleman attracted no more attention than anybody going about his business. His path usually led along the North Shore and up the roadway to the Taft cottage. Instead of being halted by the Secret Service men, as were strangers, he walked briskly to the porch. Oftentimes he was greeted by the President himself. He was always a welcome and interesting visitor. The mission of his coming to Beverly was to paint a life-sized portrait of Mrs. Taft. Mr. Kronstrand was accorded ten sittings by the first lady of the land. He began work the last week in September. Mrs. Taft proved a good subject and exceedingly patient. Her audiences to Mr. Kronstrand were never less than an hour. Sometimes he received upward of two hours or more. "Notwithstanding the fact that the wife of the President was deeply occupied with exacting social and household matters, she was never tardy," said Mr. Kronstrand. "Mrs. Taft never kept me waiting. I found her exceedingly charming. Her manner was gracious. She assisted me in every possible way." A room was set apart in the north part of the house, where the light was most favorable. It overlooked the ocean at one of the most picturesque points. After working over the portrait almost incessantly until the first week in November, the work was finished. The picture was brought to Washington and will permanently hang in the White House. "I was impressed with the democratic manner of President Taft," Mr. Kronstrand continued. "He reminded me, in that way, of King Gustav, of Sweden, who did me the honor of sitting for a picture two years ago. Mr. Kronstrand is delighted with Americans. Our vitality and enthusiasm, he says, inspire his best work."



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In addition to its strengthening properties, it soothes and quiets the nerves, bringing sweet, refreshing sleep, which is so essential to the aged.

Pabst Extract is The "Best" Tonic to build up the overworked, strengthen the weak, overcome insomnia, relieve dyspepsia—to help the anemic, the convalescent and the nervous wreck—to prepare for happy, healthy motherhood and give vigor to the aged. Your physician will recommend it.

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, or \$2.50 for six months, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

I HAVE a "hot" letter from one of my readers. It came in on the warm wave. I suppose we should all be excused for losing our tempers in such a trying spell. My correspondent writes in the bitterest terms against Wall Street and all who have anything to do with it. He says, "I bought ten shares of wireless telegraph stock and paid \$25 a share for it—\$250 of good money—and now the concern is in the hands of a receiver and I am told that the stock is not worth four cents." I do not blame my correspondent, whose home is in Kansas City, for feeling aggrieved.

But why should he rail against Wall Street? The Wireless shares have never been listed on the Stock Exchange, Wireless has never been regarded as a Wall Street security, and Wall Street brokers have not dealt in it. The manipulators of this stock who grossly deceived and betrayed the public have just been convicted in the Federal court and sentenced to fine and imprisonment, as they justly deserved to be. I have constantly warned my readers against buying the wireless, oil, plantation, magazine and mining stocks that were being sold to the public through agents on promises that on their very face were preposterous and unbelievable.

One magazine, which, it is said, sold nearly a half million of stock before it went into the hands of a receiver, will not pay a cent on a dollar. Yet its agents sold its shares on statements that the magazines were making from fifty to one hundred per cent. a year, and that those who had invested a few dollars in some of the magazines had found themselves enriched by thousands. Are any of my readers so simple-minded as to believe that if such enormous profits could be made the shares must be hawked around among the people to find purchasers? Do they suppose that any one who has a gold mine of this kind will want to part with a single share at any price?

Was my Kansas City reader not a little at fault himself for his bitter and expensive experience? If he had put his \$250 in almost any Wall Street stock at the time he bought his Wireless, he would have had all his money back and a profit besides and perhaps received dividends meanwhile. That is what Wall Street would have done for him.

The trouble with the people is that they are too easily humbugged. If they "see it in the paper" they think it is so, even though the same newspaper has printed a paragraph the day before that they know to be untrue. The people should do more thinking for themselves. They should not accept the words of the stranger without knowing that they are true. Just as they have been deceived by skillful agents who have sold valueless stocks at high prices and who are continuing to sell such stocks to-day, so

they have been fooled and are still being fooled by demagogues, muck-rakers and trust-busters, who are all seeking their own interests while pretending to be the champions of the people.

It is the business of the people to see that they are not betrayed by the notoriety-loving college professors, the muck-rakers and the yellow journalists and by all the crowd of "uplifters" who are more concerned in uplifting themselves than the people; by the outcry against men of wealth and the corporations they so largely control. I appeal just as the muck-rakers do—for it seems to be necessary to do so—to the selfish instincts of the people. I ask them if, from the standpoint of self-interest, it is not better that we should have as many as we can of money-making and money-spending corporations. I ask them if, when we attack the men who make the corporations possible, we do not also imperil the means of livelihood of all the workers in the mills and the railroads. Is this a small matter? Look at the statistics, which show a million employees of the railroads in the United States and five million dependent upon the earnings of those who are on the railway pay-rolls. Shall we keep these millions busy? I hope so.

All the world concedes that we have the greatest, richest, most productive and promising country of all. Such opportunities as we offer for good wages, fair hours, comfortable living and the accumulation of a competency are offered by no other country. This explains why so many people are leaving other lands to come to ours. They seek a land of plenty and of opportunity, where the poor boy of to-day may be the rich man of the morrow, where the humblest citizens may aspire to the highest position in the gift of the people. Were we ever happier in our lives than in the prosperous days of President McKinley? Where were the muck-rakers then? Have we been more prosperous since the muck-rakers, the yellow journalists and the college theorists have appeared? I ask my readers to answer this question in their own minds after considering it carefully and fairly.

It is one of the greatest of misfortunes to all who are dependent upon the continued prosperity of this country that men in high places, legislators, lawgivers and executives are so eager to secure popular acclaim that they are upsetting the conservative traditions of the past by patronizing the foolish notions of experimental theorists and cheap demagogues. There will be a revulsion some day on the part of the public against this alarming situation. It may not come until after the factories have been closed and the soup houses opened. But it will surely come and the maddened people will turn on those who have betrayed them and rend them to pieces. They will drive these false leaders from the places of power and influence to which they are now aspiring and for which they have neither fitness nor capacity.

The hot wave was not a good thing for the stock market. The lack of moisture, to which I referred many weeks ago, has become really a serious matter. Already it is conceded that some of our great crops have been damaged beyond reparation. We know this

(Continued on page 105.)

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Silk Hat

\$1.50



Entirely
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All Sizes.

THE IDEAL HAT for Motoring, Boating, Golfing and all general wear. Especially adapted for office, home and traveling use. Practical, Dainty, Light. Made of best quality PURE SILK, strictly hand tailored, oiled silk sweat band, weighs one ounce. Colors, Black, Navy Blue, Brown, Gray and White. Price \$1.50—worth every cent of it. State size and color. (NOTE.—Ties to match hats, same quality silk, four-in-hands and bows, 50 cents.) Satisfaction Guaranteed. **GILBERT & CO., Decatur, Ill.**

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Announce your offerings now before the Financial Columns are filled with offerings for the Fall business. The readers of

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will be interested in new investment announcements, and if they are made now the chances will be better than when there will be a flood of offerings.

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Leslie's Illustrated Weekly

225 Fifth Avenue, - - New York

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

(Continued from page 104.)

in reference to hay (which is one of the most valuable crops the country produces), oats, potatoes, fruits and vegetables. We cannot expect a bumper corn crop nor anything more than an ordinary wheat crop, though cotton promises to do better than anything else. This is a setback for prosperity which the country is bound to feel. Many still believe that the stock market must have a sharp decline before the expected advance in the fall can begin. I do not advise my readers to sell their holdings of investment securities nor their speculative stocks, for I recall other years in which the crops did not meet expectations that were not periods of disappointment in Wall Street. It would be unwise, however, to purchase stocks with great freedom until we have more definite and satisfactory advices concerning the corn and cotton crops.

M. Hawley, N. Y.: I would not sacrifice my Chicago Subway at this time. It still has possibilities.

C. Galveston, Tex.: I would not advise anybody to trade in Bay State Gas or any other of the discredited Lawson stocks.

E. New York: I can get no report of the Mutual Mining and Reduction Co. Nothing is known of it on Wall Street.

G. Ford City, Pa.: I know nothing about the Ward Safety Razor Company's stock. It seems to have no connection with Wall Street matters. Better get a mercantile agency report.

S. New York: I think well of Southern Pacific in view of the excellent earnings it reports. 2. Central Leather bonds seem well secured, though they are not gilt-edged.

C. Cleveland, O.: You are right in your conclusion. The schemes to save stockholders' money by letting them buy shares of stock and giving them a stockholder's discount are usually stock selling jobs. Better let it alone. Enquirer, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: The National Boat and Engine Co. proposition is an industrial speculation. The business is growing rapidly and the company represents a combination of a number of successful concerns. M. T. Texas: I never heard of the Casualty Co. to which you refer. It would be well to get a mercantile agency report. A large number of insurance companies and enterprises of that character have been selling stock through agents on the most liberal commissions. Most of these have been highly speculative. I would not think of putting investment funds in such an enterprise.

High Living, Buffalo, N. Y.: George H. Burr & Co., bankers, 41 Wall Street, New York, are highly recommending to their clients the 7 per cent. pref. stock of Barnhart Brothers & Spindler. Dividends and principal are both guaranteed by the American Type Founders Co. Write to Burr & Co. for their "Circular 529" giving full particulars.

E. Z. Butte, Mont.: The Knickerbocker Ice Co. of Chicago, has paid 6 per cent. dividends for the last twelve years. The stock is recommended by Walston H. Brown & Bros., members New York Stock Exchange, 45 Wall Street, New York. They also recommend U. S. Light and Heat. Write for their "Descriptive Circulars A and B."

S. Panama, R. R.: Chicago, Burlington and Quincy stock was acquired by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific in 1901 by lease when a large portion of the stock was exchanged for bonds. This took it out of the field of speculation. Atchison Common has recently been selling

around 114. The Preferred is the safer investment. I cannot advise you in reference to the industrial company. For it has no connection with Wall Street.

B. Thomas, W. Va.: 1. While Western Maryland has excellent prospects, I am always a believer in taking a good profit in any speculative proposition. You might not get the last cent by doing so, but you would certainly steer clear of a loss. 2. O. and W. has sold considerably higher and will probably do so again if the market should become strong and active.

Chancellor, Denver, U. S. Light and Heat common sells at 2, but when the par value is increased from the present figure of \$10 to \$100 the price will no doubt be correspondingly increased. I understand that it is to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange. It offers a chance for speculation. Slattery & Co., 40 Exchange Place, New York, will buy large or small lots for any of my readers.

Conservative, Los Angeles, Cal.: 1. It would help you to keep in touch with Wall Street affairs, if you would read the "Weekly Financial Review," published by J. S. Bache & Co., 42 Broadway, New York. This conservative, up-to-date review will be sent to any of my readers without charge on application to Bache & Co. 2. Write to S. V. D. White, 60 Broadway, New York, for a list of high grade investment securities, and bank and trust company stocks. Mention Jasper.

Beginner, Portland, Me.: It would be well to buy five or ten shares of several different low-priced, dividend-paying stocks until you learn the ways of Wall Street. Any broker will buy small lots. Write to John Muir & Co., specialists in odd lots, 71 Broadway, New York, for their "Circular B" on Odd Lots and to J. F. Pierson, Jr. & Co., members New York Stock Exchange, for their booklet on "The Advantages of Fractional Lot Trading." These will be sent to any of my readers without charge.

H. New York: You could not class any of the industrial Pfd. stocks with a savings bank as to safety. Greater safety would be found in the Pfd. stocks of railroads that pay regular dividends on their common, like Union Pacific, St. Paul or Northwest. First-class bonds with an investment quality will yield a little over 4%. The Title Guarantee and Trust Co. certificates which are as safe as a savings bank, yield 4 1/2%. I think you might divide the funds with propriety between U. P. Pfd., St. Paul Pfd., B and O Pfd., and Northwest Pfd. W. East Sherbrooke, Que.: The American Ice Company has undoubtedly profited greatly by the warm season. It is generally understood that earnings are sufficient to pay dividends, but the company has announced that they will be reserved, as they should be, for working capital, for the present. With effective and economical management the company should ultimately return to the dividend paying basis. Even if it paid but 4% it ought to sell at twice present figures. I do not like to advise anyone to borrow money to engage in speculation even if the prospect looks good. Wall Street always has treacherous turns.

O. New York: 1. If the combination that has held the steel manufacturers in a general agreement on prices can be maintained or made world wide as proposed, Steel Common will undoubtedly maintain its price. This is the great element of its strength, and in view of the uncertainty regarding such an agreement and the possibility of tariff tinkering, now or later on, and the trust-busting program of the administration, Steel Common looks high enough. 2. U. S. Light and Heat Pfd. is a business man's speculation, as in fact are all the stocks on your list. 3. If one seeks an investment you might better select first-class bonds or first-class, well-established, dividend payers. A speculative investment with possibilities will be found in the 6% bonds of the Texas Co., selling a little over par and convertible into stock at 150. The stock pays 10%, and has recently been selling at 120. Prominent speculators and some bankers are recommending it and appear to be buying it on every recession.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1911 JASPER.

Much Ado About Little.

UNCLE SAM has troubles of his own: Suddenly and in a manner as yet unexplained, the long-lost Day portrait voucher made its appearance upon the floor of the office of the disbursing clerk in the Department of State. Although "lost" for five years, it was not until ten days after its discovery that the interesting fact was reported to the House Committee on Expenditures in the State Department. The incident goes back to the incumbency of John Hay, Secretary of State, when \$2,450 was drawn from the secret fund of the department to pay for a portrait of former Assistant Secretary of State Day. Albert Rosenthal, the artist, received for his work only \$850 of this amount, and the investigation has not yet brought to light what became of the remaining \$1,600. The voucher discrepancy was first discovered in 1906, when Senator Elihu Root was Secretary of State, prior to whose regime it was customary to include in one voucher several smaller items not mentioned in the voucher itself, to be used at the discretion of the Secretary of State.

Charles Denby, at that time chief clerk of the department, made the 1906 investigation, and in order to prevent any unpleasant criticism of Mr. Hay, then deceased, and in view of the fact that no reliable proof of misappropriation of funds was discovered, the matter was hushed up in the State Department. But since no explanation was found for the \$1,600 and as the report failed to fix responsibility for the discrepancy in the voucher, it was inevitable that the matter would out once again. In the present investigation by the House Committee on Expenditures in the State Department, the late Secretary of State, John Hay, is completely cleared from any possible suspicion; but Colonel W. N. Michael, former chief clerk of the State Department, now United States consul-general at Calcutta, and Thomas H. Morrison, disbursing clerk of the department, are criticised severely. For "the good of the service" the subcommittee recommends that both of these officials should be relieved of public office. Whether it is really necessary for the "good of the public service" to insist on the withdrawal of these two officials may be seriously debated. If guilty of misappropriation of govern-

ment funds, the recommendation does not go far enough; but if victims simply of unsystematic methods of the State Department, it goes too far. The report unquestionably reveals unbusiness-like methods in the State Department, yet a little irregularity is something that is possible to occur occasionally even in the best of business systems.

Even though the troublesome voucher antedates his own term of office, Secretary of State Knox quite naturally feels grieved over the publicity given to his department. But how does Mr. Knox imagine some of our captains of industry feel when private letters are stolen from their offices by their own help "hired" for the purpose or when disgruntled employees by similar attractions have been induced to publish business secrets and raise a nine days' scandal? If business men are to be embarrassed by such methods, it is just as well for our public officials to have their share of it, too.

"See the South First."

UNDER this title the Nashville *Tennessean* has an editorial urging every person in its region to familiarize himself with his own locality before making a trip to Europe or any other foreign land. That journal, whose editor is the Hon. Luke Lea, the new Senator from Tennessee, says that no resident of that commonwealth "should leave the borders of his own State until he has seen the Hermitage, Lookout Mountain, the Franklin and Stone's River battlefields and other places of great historic interest and scenic beauty within the borders of the old Volunteer State." This is wise counsel, and it applies to the rest of the South and also to the entire country.

The idea to "see America first" originated a few years ago in some of the States of the Pacific coast, and it was boomed there by chambers of commerce and other organizations, industrial, social and political, and also by the newspapers of that locality. Undoubtedly it has had some effect. There is a palpable absurdity in traveling over the world without having a knowledge of one's own State and region. So many points

of interest are on the Pacific coast that such advice would seem to be needless there, but persons are in the habit of overlooking the important attractions of localities near at hand and seeking those which are remote.

The South is especially rich in points of historic consequence. At the outset Virginia was the most populous as well as the most powerful of all the States. As "the mother of Presidents," she practically gave the law to the country from the accession of Washington in 1789 to the retirement of Monroe in 1825, except during the four years of John Adams in the presidency. In the next third of a century, with its Hayne, Calhoun, McDuffie and other statesmen of large influence, South Carolina was the center of events in the nation. Texas, with its boundary dispute with Mexico, precipitated the war between the latter and the United States, in which, by conquest and purchase, we obtained Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, California and parts of Colorado and Wyoming. The necessity for the control of the mouth of the Mississippi incited the negotiation with France which resulted in the annexation of the province of Louisiana, by which the area of the United States was doubled and all subsequent accessions of territory were rendered inevitable. Florida saw the earliest white settlements which were planted anywhere in the present United States. In the Watauga colony in Tennessee self-government made its advent west of the Alleghanies.

Unquestionably the South has made some decidedly important history. An enthralling story is told by the battlefields of Dixie, from Bull Run to San Jacinto. The story has an interest for all Americans. Some of the greatest personages in political and military life which the country has seen were produced by the Southern States. Whether they go outside of their own country or not, the advice which the *Tennessean* gives to all Americans is wise. "See the South first."

The new Secretary of War has never been in battle, but he sat through one of Hobson's speeches.—*Cleveland Leader*.



A KEEN KUTTER Knife is a Dependable Pocket Companion

For any emergency, for the time when a knife must show its mettle and its metal, a KEEN KUTTER knife is dependable, sturdy and equal to the occasion, because it is *quality* all through.

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are made from finest tool steel, tempered with unerring nicety, and put together to stay. Like Keen Kutter tools, Keen Kutter knives are sold with the distinct understanding that they must make good, or your money back for any one that fails you. The Keen Kutter trademark is the equivalent of a contract.

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Leather Punch Knife—K-73071 \$1.00

Actual Size Three Blades Others from 75c to \$1.50 each



False Hunger

A SYMPTOM OF STOMACH TROUBLE CORRECTED BY GOOD FOOD.

There is, with some forms of stomach trouble, an abnormal craving for food which is frequently mistaken for a "good appetite." A lady teacher writes from Carthage, Mo., to explain how with good food she dealt with this sort of hurtful hunger.

"I have taught school for fifteen years, and up to nine years ago had good, average health. Nine years ago, however, my health began to fail and continued to grow worse steadily, in spite of doctor's prescriptions and everything I could do. During all this time my appetite continued good, only the more I ate the more I wanted to eat—I was always hungry.

"The first symptoms of my breakdown were a distressing nervousness and a loss of flesh. The nervousness grew so bad that finally it amounted to actual prostration. Then came stomach troubles, which were very painful, constipation, which brought on piles, dyspepsia and severe nervous headaches.

"The doctors seemed powerless to help me, said I was overworked, and at last urged me to give up teaching if I wished to save my life.

"But this I could not do. I kept on at it as well as I could, each day growing more wretched, my will power alone keeping me up, till at last a good angel suggested that I try a diet of Grape-Nuts food, and from that day to this I have found it delicious, always appetizing and satisfying.

"I owe my restoration to health to Grape-Nuts. My weight has returned and for more than two years I have been free from the nervousness, constipation, piles, headaches and all the ailments that used to punish me so, and have been able to work freely and easily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A Happy Marriage
Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every day sources.

SEXOLOGY
(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
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The Easy Wringing Mop (Patented)
Turn Crank to Wring. Hands do not touch water or cloth.

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Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet. Insist on Blatz. Correspondence invited direct.

ALWAYS THE SAME GOOD OLD Blatz

How To Get Thin—And How Not To

Curious Results of an Analysis of Certain Obesity "Cures."

"There are none so credulous as sufferers from disease."—President Taft, in his message to Congress asking legislation to strengthen the food and drugs act.

PERHAPS this article can best be introduced by a story about Victor Murdock, the insurgent congressman from Kansas. Not that the quotation from President Taft given above has anything to do with Mr. Murdock. It hasn't. Mr. Murdock is not credulous—at least, outside of politics—and he is a remarkably healthy individual. But the story is apropos nevertheless.

It seems that Congressman Murdock is a pretty heavy sort of a person and somebody told him that the way to reduce his weight was to cut out eating and walk ever so many miles a day. Now, the Kansas statesman is very fond of good food, but he decided that it was time for him to do something for his increasing heaviness. So, for a delicious breakfast of hot biscuit, cake, bacon and eggs, he substituted a glass of milk. Then for luncheon he took a lettuce sandwich and a toothpick, and for dinner he had thin soup, some dry toast and plenty of conversation. He walked from his house to the Capitol and back every day, numerous miles. Between times he traversed various distances afoot along Potomac Drive, while other members of Congress lolled by in luxurious vehicles. Each morning there was vigorous exercise. Mr. Murdock rolled himself back and forth over the floor and did all sorts of stunts. After a month of this sort of thing he felt splendid and he concluded to give himself a pleasure he had previously avoided, so that he might know the reward for all his hard work. He expected a surprise. He had it. The scales showed him that he had gained just twelve pounds!

Now, although Mr. Murdock didn't lose weight, he gained in health and he saved money, and therein he was one hundred per cent. better off than his fellow-sufferers from too much corpulence who resort to the drug "cure" for obesity. If you must get thin, do it the Murdock way, even if you get heavier in the process. Or, at least, at all hazards let the obesity "cures" alone. Why? Well, here's why, and the authority is the *British Medical Journal*, from which no organ is heard with more respect in the medical profession.

The *British Medical Journal* has taken samples of these obesity "cures," analyzed them and published the results. Comment is unnecessary. The facts speak for themselves.

First, there is a "treatment" advertised by a Mr. A. Gordon Wallace, of London. Mr. Wallace is a very self-confident personage. He states:

My method is unlike any other. I give my patients a true physiological treatment that restores lost nerve force and nature does the rest. My treatment allows you to eat what you like and to drink what you like.

This is all very gratifying and the terms on which Mr. Wallace supplies this blessing to humanity are liberal in the extreme. He says:

I know I have found a sure cure at last. I know what it has done for thousands of others and I know it will do the same for you. All you need to do is to write me to-day and you will receive my book which will be of invaluable service to you, by return post free of charge. I will send securely and privately packed to any reader who forwards me \$3. for postage a full size fortnight's package of my remedy free of charge.

When you get the fortnight's package, however, you receive also a letter with some qualifying conditions. In part it says:

As a rule, one month's treatment is sufficient, though, of course, I need scarcely say that in some cases the treatment must extend to two or even three months in order to secure complete and permanent results. My usual fee for an ordinary month's course is one guinea (credit of course being given for the cost of the free fortnight's trial treatment enclosed) and on receipt thereof of P. O. for 10s. 6d., together with accompanying consultation form, fully filled up, I will at once formulate and send you the directions and various preparations suited to your requirements, thus enabling you to complete the full month's course at half price without any interruption. The second fortnight's treatment really begins the actual flesh-reducing portion of my system following upon the elimination of the impurities that are robbing you of your vital nerve force, and I would emphasize the importance of this continuity of treatment to insure a satisfactory reduction of your superfluous flesh, and also generally improved health.

Ten shillings and sixpence is about \$2.62 in American money and seems a very reasonable price for all the benefit promised. The fortnight's package, it was found, contained fifty-four sugar-coated tablets, which, the directions said, were to be taken three times a day, two tablets at a time. Analysis, the *British Medical Journal* states, showed these tablets to consist of an extract and

a vegetable powder, the extract agreeing in character with extract of bladder wrack. The vegetable powder, the microscope showed, consisted of licorice root, together with a large proportion of the cells characteristic of powdered nutshells, olive stones, etc. The cheapest licorice powders in the market are largely adulterated with powdered nutshells and olive stones, and this fact may perhaps account for the presence of the tissues in question. Such tablets can be obtained wholesale for about twenty-five cents a thousand—apparently a living profit for Mr. Wallace.

Now, what is bladder wrack, which has such marvelous flesh-reducing power? It is, the botanists tell us, a common seaweed, whose scientific name is *Fucus vesiculosus*, containing sodium salt in large quantity, with a small proportion of iodine. Perhaps the most remarkable fact about this vegetable is that in Ireland at one time it was fed to pigs to make them fat. It is certainly a little startling that what will make pigs fat will make persons thin.

Besides Mr. Wallace's treatment, the *British Medical Journal* has also analyzed "Dr. Vincent's anti-stout pills." Dr. Vincent's pills are even more efficacious than Mr. Wallace's treatment—that is, if you let Dr. Vincent tell it. He says:

One 2s.-box of Dr. Vincent's Anti-Stout Pills has in hundreds of instances completely cured, and in any case will do more to reduce corpulence than any other remedy extant. Dr. Vincent's Anti-Stout Pills are small, harmless, pleasant to take, and without change of diet will reduce superabundant flesh as much as ten pounds in a week.

Analyzed, Dr. Vincent's pills, the *Medical Journal* says, show the presence of these ingredients—jalap, colocynth, cloves, aloes or extract of aloes, and our old friend, extract of bladder wrack.

Phatolene Tablets are another boon to the over-stout which give interesting results in the test tube and under the microscope. They were found to be ovoid pills, coated with talc and colored brown, consisting of an extract agreeing in all respects with extract of bladder wrack, together with about ten per cent. of powdered licorice root. No other ingredient could be found by the *British Medical Journal* experts.

Numerous other of these so-called "cures" were analyzed, with practically the same result. Although each advertiser claimed that he had the only safe and certain remedy and that his preparation was totally unlike that of any other, yet nearly all had practically the same ingredients, prominent among which was the old Irish food for fattening pigs. Each manufacturer also had practically the same selling campaign. He would give a week's or two weeks' treatment free, and then make it up by the price he charged for the remainder of the time. Now, as far as known, none of these "cures" was actually dangerous, except to the purchaser's pocketbook. On the other hand, there was nothing to show that they ever did or could accomplish the results they claimed. And no greater argument in support of President Taft's plea for a more stringent Federal drug law could be had than the results of these investigations. And if the pure-food faddists would devote themselves to controlling the manufacturers of this kind of preparations, they would be doing more good than by "ruling," as has been done under Dr. Wiley's regime, exactly how much cream and how little custard shall go into good, wholesome ice-cream. Such "rulings," not affecting the public health, make a fad of a legitimate reform movement.

A Woman Deputy Sheriff.

MOLLIE SPICER, twenty-five years of age, has been appointed a deputy sheriff in Dutchess County, New York. Miss Spicer gave bonds in the sum of \$2,000 for the faithful performance of her duties and was provided with a badge. She is said to be the first woman deputy in New York State outside of the Federal service, where several have similar commissions under the immigration board. Miss Spicer is charged with the important mission of finding proper homes for children of dissolute and unworthy parents, and her appointment as deputy will greatly facilitate the discharge of her duties.

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MOTORCYCLES—1911 M. M. Touring Model. Has more good features than all others. Idler, free engine, roller bearings, very powerful, mighty hill climber. Simple, easy to control and handle. Agents wanted. M. M. Company Brockton, Mass.

MOTION PICTURE SCHOOLS

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED. YOU CAN write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Book free. Asw'd. M. F. Schools, Desk 4, 38 N. Clark St., Chicago.

INCOME INSURANCE: SOMETHING NEW. Liberal, new form, low cost policy issued to men or women, all occupations, ages 16 to 70 years, guarantees an income of \$25 weekly for sickness or injuries. \$5,000 Accidental Death. Annual cost \$10. \$1,000 Accidental Death. \$15 weekly for sickness or injuries. Annual cost \$5. GERMAN COMMERCIAL ACCIDENT CO., REGISTRATION DEPT., 5 NO. 1A SALLE ST., CHICAGO.

MISCELLANEOUS

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS. THOUSANDS OF dollars for anyone who can write successful words or music. Past experience unnecessary. Send us your song poems, with or without music, or write for free particulars. ACCEPTANCE GUARANTEED IF AVAILABLE. Washington only place to secure copyright. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Dept. 24, Washington, D. C.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co. Reduced rates, quick time on household goods to & from Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago. 726 Old South Bldg., Boston. 217 Front St., San Francisco. 342 Whitehall Bldg., New York. 516 Central Bldg., Los Angeles. 1501 Wright Bldg., St. Louis. Write nearest office.

I TEACH BY MAIL. WRITE FOR MY FREE BOOK, "How to Become a Good Penman" and beautiful specimens. Your name elegantly written on a card if you enclose stamp. Write today. Address P. W. TAMBLYN, 222 Meyer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS EARN \$25 TO \$100 A WEEK
We can positively show you by mail HOW TO INCREASE YOUR SALARY. Book mailed free. Page-Davis, Dept. 42, Chicago Ill.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS open the way to good Government positions. I can coach you by mail at small cost. Full particulars free to any American citizen of eighteen or over. Write today for Booklet E. 811. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

HOLD FAST PAPER CLIPS
ARE ENDORSED BY GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS AT WASHINGTON AS THE BEST BECAUSE THEY

- Are free from projecting points that injure the hands and papers.
- Will not pick up other papers on the desk or in the letter file.
- Can be used on the CORNER as well as on top of the sheet.
- Will hold securely 2 to 4 sheets.
- Cost no more than inferior clips.
- Are quickly applied or removed.
- Can be used over and over.
- Do not mutilate the paper.
- Always hold their shape.
- Cannot tangle or tear.
- Are the strongest.

In boxes of 100, 50c; 2 boxes 25c; Carbons, 50 boxes, 1,000 Clips, \$1.00; Carbons, 250 boxes, 5,000 Clips, \$4.50.

CUTTER-TOWER CO.
403 HATHAWAY BUILDING
BOSTON, MASS.

SEND FOR FREE HOLD FAST CLIP

In answering advertisements, please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

Motorist's Column

Automobile Bureau

By R. B. JOHNSTON

Readers desiring information about motor cars, trucks and delivery wagons, accessories, routes or State laws, can obtain it by writing to the Automobile Bureau, Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City. We answer inquiries free of charge.



THE AUTOMOBILE'S OPEN DOOR.

An American motor car forcing its way through the gate of the walled city of Shanghai, China. Usually no vehicle is allowed to enter there. The police and the crowd tried to stop the car, and there was a great roar when the latter swept under the arch.

ANY LINGERING doubt that may have remained in the minds of American business men as to the absolute necessity of replacing their horse-drawn delivery wagons and trucks with motor-driven freight-carrying vehicles of suitable capacities was thoroughly dispelled during the extremely warm weather in the early part of this month. During the automobile-show season last winter it was the universal practice of the agents for business motor vehicles to show how vastly superior motor trucks and delivery wagons were to horse-drawn vehicles when the street pavements were covered with ice or when deep snow was so serious a handicap to horses. Neither snow nor ice proved any handicap to freight-carrying automobiles, and in the past few weeks it has been demonstrated most convincingly that extreme heat has no effect on motor trucks, except, perhaps, to accentuate their superiority over the old method of delivering merchandise.

If the very hot weather had been confined to one or two cities, the lesson would not have been so convincing; but the hot wave was felt in so many cities that thousands of new converts have been added to the ranks of those merchants and business men who realize that horse-drawn delivery systems must be abolished in favor of freight-carrying automobiles. As a matter of fact, a great many business firms would have been practically helpless, so far as delivering goods was concerned, if they had not been able to obtain help from more enterprising concerns that have installed motor trucks. While there are some businesses requiring frequent stops for which horses are better adapted than motor trucks, the great majority of delivery work can be done faster, better, more surely and more economically by freight-carrying automobiles.

In all of the cities where the mercury kept mounting higher and higher, the firms that had not installed motor trucks and delivery wagons were bothered by the problem of delivering their goods, while their more fortunate and enterprising competitors were in many cases getting orders away from them. Old-fashioned business men, who up to a few weeks ago had stoutly maintained that "horses were good enough for them," found themselves forced to refuse orders they could not fill because their horses were so affected by the heat that they could not deliver the ordered merchandise. In many instances men who owned touring cars and runabouts for their personal use were forced to press these machines into use in order to make deliveries of light merchandise, when their horse-drawn wagons failed them because the animals had been overcome by the great heat.

Business firms with none but horses found that the poor animals could do but one-half or one-third of the work generally expected of them, and then only if the drivers used every care not to overwork them. Some firms tried the expedient of working their horses only in the early morning and late afternoon, but this, of course, cut their normal freight-carrying capacity in half and sometimes reduced it two-thirds. On the other hand, the motor-driven-truck

and delivery-wagon users could work their machines for the entire twenty-four hours, provided they had a large enough force of drivers. In the larger cities, where there are firms that handle freight for business firms, the concerns that have motor trucks were able to keep their machines busy as many hours each day as they wished, and even then had to refuse business from most every one except their regular customers.

In New York City alone the figures of the health department show that 1,025 horses died during the first six days of the hot spell. The market value of these animals would have been more than sufficient to have bought enough motor trucks to do more work, day in and day out, than the dead horses could have done, provided none of them had succumbed to the heat. Taking the value of the thousands of horses all over the country that were victims of the hot weather and adding to it the immense sums lost in spoiled goods and unfilled orders, there would be enough money available to purchase so many freight-carrying vehicles that the plants would have to be worked overtime for months to turn out the machines.

While there may possibly be those who still contend that passenger-carrying automobiles are somewhat of a luxury, the recent experience of business firms in the cities where the heat was so oppressive must be taken as irrefutable evidence that freight-carrying automobiles are a necessity. Leaving out the humane side of the matter altogether, no firm that must make deliveries of goods, whether to boat landings, railroad stations, stores or residences, can much longer afford to attempt running a business without the use of the reliable, efficient and fast-moving motor truck or delivery wagon.

The idea that all four-cylinder engines were more economical of gasoline than six-cylinder engines was shown to be incorrect in a recent test conducted by the Royal Automobile Club in England. The test was made with a four-cylinder sleeve-valve engine rated at 24.8 horsepower, and, compared with a similar test of a six-cylinder engine rated at 59.9 horsepower, showed that the six-cylinder engine traveled 19.35 miles per gallon of fuel to 18.71 for the four-cylinder sleeve-valve engine. In ton miles per gallon of fuel the difference was even greater, the six-cylinder engine making 42.57 miles to 33.69 for the four-cylinder sleeve-valve engine.

F. C., Portland, and T. H., Cheshire: State laws. If you will write to the secretary of state of the particular State whose law you want, he will send a copy of the law to your address.

Alexander Winton must find not a little satisfaction in the fact that some of the automobile manufacturers who differed with him regarding the virtues of the six-cylinder automobile are now making cars of this type. Mr. Winton became a six-cylinder convert four years ago and his was the first big automobile firm in the world to give up four-cylinder cars altogether and produce none but six-cylinder models.



BEST TO THE NORTHWEST

Every day two new steel trans-continental trains leave Chicago, for Seattle and Tacoma, over the newest, shortest and best route to the Pacific Northwest.

"The Olympian"

leaves Chicago 10:15 p. m.

"The Columbian"

leaves Chicago 10:00 a. m.

They take the traveler through a newly discovered wonderland—scenically unequalled—a young empire, whose boundless opportunities await American enterprise. The route is over the new steel trail of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
and
Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound
Railways

Tickets, sleeping car reservations can be secured from your nearest ticket agent. Descriptive literature sent on request.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, Chicago

CAN YOU RESIST HER?



Copyright, Judge Co.

One of the most kissable and bewitching James Montgomery Flagg girls. She will come to you in the next mail if you send a dollar to

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY
NEW YORK

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly."

The Extra Session's Steaming Finish

How the Insurgents Have Loafed—Governor Wilson's Active Press Agents
Snapshots of the Hot Weather Senators

By ROBERT D. HEINL, Washington Correspondent Leslie's Weekly

WASHINGTON, July 14th, 1911.
IF CONSTITUENTS could have visited the Capitol during the sweltering days early in the month, they might have realized the farcical nature of the proceedings of the long-drawn-out

heat or pleas from business men, brought the first signs of weakening. Even La Follette could not stand being ignored by the press.

TIME-KILLING INSURGENTS. Senator Gronna, of North Dakota, one of the insurgents, took two days to register a protest against Canadian reciprocity. If Mr. Gronna had been so disposed he could have covered his ground effectively in two hours. It was a shameful waste of time. Senator Cummins, of Iowa, another martyr to the cause, occupied nearly four days to voice the same objection. North Dakota voters, who doubtless are now being showered with Senator Gronna's eloquence in printed form, would have been interested in his



"OH, TO BE IN IDAHO!"

Senator Wm. E. Borah.

These intimate snapshots show a few of the Senators on the capital streets during the recent hot spell.

and unpopular extra session. Senators were besieged with telegrams and letters urging them to quit and give the country a rest. Newspapers reflecting the temper of the people and disgusted



HE FAVORS A TWO-HOUR WORKING DAY FOR THE SUN.

Senator Frank B. Brandegee of Connecticut.

audience when the speech was delivered. It broke every record. Early in the afternoon of July 6th, after he had droned along for hours, there were exactly seven of the ninety-two Senators in their seats—Stone of Missouri, Nelson of Minnesota, Penrose of Pennsylvania, Smoot of Utah, Cullom of Illinois, Warren of Wyoming and Bristow of Kansas. It would be sacrilege to describe the state of resignation which they displayed. One wondered that the Vice-President, Mr. Sherman, who patiently held the chair most of the time, was able to keep awake. He was more successful in this respect than some listeners in the visitors' galleries. In these reservations, capable of seating one thousand, a count revealed a widely scattered and drowsy sixteen. One dozed peacefully. A lone newspaper man honored the press gallery by his presence. He did not remain long. Later in the afternoon there was a time when only two Senators were in sight. Next day, and near the conclusion of the tiresome wheeze, all had deserted the floor except the perspiring official stenographers and one member. Senator Thornton, of Louisiana, was there because he was to follow Senator Gronna and had to be present when the latter finished speaking.

GOVERNOR WILSON'S SPONTANEOUS BOOM. An editor of a small South Carolina newspaper received a printed postal card which read:



OLD SOL HAS NO TERRORS FOR HIM.

Senator Simon Guggenheim of Colorado.

TO THE PUBLISHER:—

Many publishers have asked us whether we could furnish plate matter relating to Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey as a possible presidential candidate. For the purpose of making an arrangement now or later to supply the demand will you please state on the attached stamped card whether you desire such matter.

It was signed by the name of one of the largest newspaper press associations in the country. The editor replied by return mail that he had no use for Wilson puffs, but if any Champ Clark plates were being distributed, his paper would be glad to use them. Then he wrote to Speaker Clark, telling him about the transaction. Mr. Clark acknowledged the letter by saying that he was not a candidate for President, had never broached the subject to any living being

and had no press bureau. He remarked that many good Democrats had been kind enough to speak of him in connection with the presidency, and it was a high compliment. The speaker concluded:

The Democrats gave me the most important office they had to give. Upon the performance of this House will depend whether we win or lose in the next election. Therefore the highest duty I can perform is to stay right here and do anything in my power to make a record upon which we can win. I am not going to neglect that duty to go gallivanting around the country in pursuit of another office, and at the same time I am not going to decline a nomination that has not been tendered to me.

All of which may be interesting to Mr. Wilson and others.

FAIRBANKS Former Vice-President FOR 1916? Charles W. Fairbanks again came into the active pale of national politics by the leading part he took in the reception to President Taft at Indianapolis. It would not be a surprise to those who follow the situation closely if Mr. Fair-



READY FOR THE WORST.

Senator Francis G. Newlands of Nevada.

banks would undertake to assume the State leadership of his party to line things up for Taft. "We are with you," he told the President at the Marion Club dinner. "What is more, we are going to continue with you." The last word from Indiana is that the friends of Mr. Fairbanks may be grooming the former Vice-President for the presidential race in 1916. At least, that is what Washington hears.

CONGRESSIONAL OCCUPATIONS. If you would aspire to the highest legislative branch of the Federal government, read law. Two-thirds of our Senators and Representatives are lawyers. We are able to present this unique table:

PROFESSIONS OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.	
Lawyers.....	61
Bankers.....	5
Business.....	8
Farmers.....	4
Journalists.....	3
Mining.....	2
Manufacturers.....	2
Author.....	1
Doctor.....	1
Occupations not given.....	4
Total.....	*91

*There is a vacancy in the Senate owing to the death of Mr. Hughes of Colorado.
(Continued on page 109.)



HE'S USED TO IT.

Senator Augustus O. Bacon of Georgia.



"TEXAS CAN'T TOUCH THIS."

Senator Joseph W. Bailey.

with the insincerity of the insurgents had refused to further fill valuable space with accounts of their windjamming inactivity and personal-glory speeches. The latter agents, more than the intense

GOVERNOR WILSON'S SPONTANEOUS BOOM. An editor of a small South Carolina newspaper received a printed postal card which read:

Lawyers.
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Journalist.
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Manufact.
Bankers.
Doctors.
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Mining.
Author.
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The Extra Session's Steaming Finish.

(Continued from page 108.)

PROFESSIONS OF MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Lawyers.....	251
Business.....	27
Journalists.....	17
Farmers.....	12
Manufacturers.....	12
Bankers.....	8
Doctors.....	5
Real Estate.....	5
Mining.....	1
Author.....	1
Hotel Keeper.....	1
Builder.....	1
Commercial Traveler.....	1
Electrical Engineer.....	1
Telegraph Operator.....	1
Naval Architect.....	1
Occupations not given.....	45
Total.....	391

There are only sixteen farmers in Congress. Drummers are great men to spread political tidings and foster a wide acquaintance; still, but one of that calling is represented in person. Politicians continually gather in hotels; nevertheless, only a single tavern proprietor is officially in Washington.

THE IOWA SENATORIAL SITUATION.

There will be a pretty senatorial race in Iowa. Already forces are being marshaled for the contest. Senator Kenyon, the present incumbent, will be a formidable candidate for re-election. Our old friend, former Senator Lafe Young, of Des Moines, who filled part of the late Senator Dolliver's unexpired term, will make a hard fight. The latest name mentioned is that of W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Lines. He was a farmer's boy in Iowa. Mr. Brown now owns a farm where he was once a poor, struggling lad. He has adopted a legal voting residence in Iowa. Though he has not won fame as a politician, there is no doubt but that Mr. Brown would be able to make a creditable race.

ILL-TIMED SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

Considerable disappointment has been expressed because a new member of Congress, who appeared to have a particularly brilliant future, has allowed his usefulness to be seriously impaired by a severe attack of swelled head. He was made conspicuous by an unusual election and a flattering majority. Evidently the victory and the adulation following it have been too much of a strain upon his ordinarily good judgment and common sense. Friends predict that, unless his attitude changes materially, it may cost him his present popularity and maybe ultimate defeat.

Bull Run July 21st, 1861-1911

'T WAS fifty years ago to-day.
They met in strife, the blue and gray.
The cannon roared, the trumpets raved,
The tattered flags in blood were laved,
Red, red the trampled sod was steeped,
And War his gory harvest reaped,
Till crimson sank the summer sun,
And twilight dropped a veil upon
Bull Run.

On that historic spot again
Is heard the bugle's clear refrain.
Beneath one banner in review
Once more they meet, the gray and blue.
Above the buried cause they stand,
And clasp each other by the hand.
The sword is sheathed, the quarrel done.
All hail the battlefield, twice won—
Bull Run!

MINNA IRVING.

An Advertising Lesson.

AT THE eleventh hour the lumber industry awakes to the necessity of advertising. Various substitutes in building, such as slate and iron roofs, concrete, brick, steel and stone, have been advertised so widely and intelligently that the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association is compelled to acknowledge that serious inroads have been made upon their trade. This illustrates a truism of advertising that it matters not how well established an industry may be, the time will never come when it can afford to slacken in its advertising. Should it do so, it will awake to find a "substitute" has been pushed into its place.

The Forum

DAMAGE DONE BY MUCK-RAKERS.

Vernon M. Davis, Justice of New York State Supreme Court.

THE muck-raking through which we have passed has been in effect an unjust indictment of the whole American people. It has done limitless damage to business and private reputations, and has created an impression in other countries that American business and political life is thoroughly corrupt. I think there is a general public sentiment now condemning this extreme and unjust criticism of American affairs, and it is a hopeful sign to see people turning with disgust from this habit of overstatement and extreme criticism to adopt a calm and deliberate method of inquiry and to form an estimate of the real good and valuable things in our American life.

INSURGENTS GET FAIR PLAY.

Representative F. Schuyler Jackson, of Kansas.

AS A MEMBER of that class of statesmen which travels under the brand "insurgent Republican," I went to Washington naturally with some little misgiving as to the way I was to be treated by the standpatters of the House and the success I was to have as a legislator. Be it to the credit of great American manhood that one individual, striving honestly to follow his conscience, is as good as another in the House of Representatives. I can say that it has been a case of "square deal" from the start. The bitter feelings and slighting treatment I had heard of as being in store for insurgents are not here, and I can frankly express my surprise and gratification.

WAGE-EARNER AND FARMER.

Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War.

I LIVE in the city of New York. I know the wages of the factory workers and the sweatshop toilers of that great city, and I know the very narrow margin which separates many of them from want. I know well the acute and widespread suffering caused among those workers by the rise in the price of their food products last year, and I have very keen forebodings as to what any rise in the future must mean to them. Will the American farmer insist on the maintenance of a tariff wall which will cut off our rapidly increasing city population from additional resources of food? Will he insist upon the continuance of a system which will be sure to force on our factory workers a still higher cost of living? Personally I do not believe he would, even if reciprocity meant an immediate reduction of the price of wheat and corn.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN!

Gerrit Fort, P. T. M., Union Pacific and Oregon Short Line Railroads.

WHEN I change the words of Horace Greeley so that they may appear as an invitation instead of a command, and to each and all of you say, "Come West, old man, come West," I voice the hospitable welcome of a section that, despite its marvelous record, has barely entered the field of its possibilities. I speak for Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Washington and California, which have one hundred and forty-three million acres of farm land—equal to the farm acreage of six States like New York. And please bear in mind the fact that I speak with the authority that is backed by the goods, for the farm property of Nebraska and Kansas is worth nearly \$1,800,000,000—nearly three times the value of all the gold and silver and coal taken in 1909 from the mines of the United States, including Alaska.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University.

THE BUSINESS men, of whom there are too few in Congress, are not making the business laws. They are in the grasp of men who keep their ears to the ground, listening for the direction in which popular excitement, often misguided, is hurrying for the moment. For a decade it has been blindly rushing against capital in corporate forms, indifferent to the fact that without capital in large forms

In answering advertisements please mention "Leslie's Weekly".

The Millions Who Don't Have Corns

Do you know that millions of people never suffer from corns? Just as soon as they feel one they attach a little Blue-jay plaster. There's no pain after that, no inconvenience. One simply forgets the corn.

In that plaster lies a bit of soft wax—the wonderful B & B wax. That gently loosens the corn, and in two days it comes out. No soreness, no feeling of any sort.

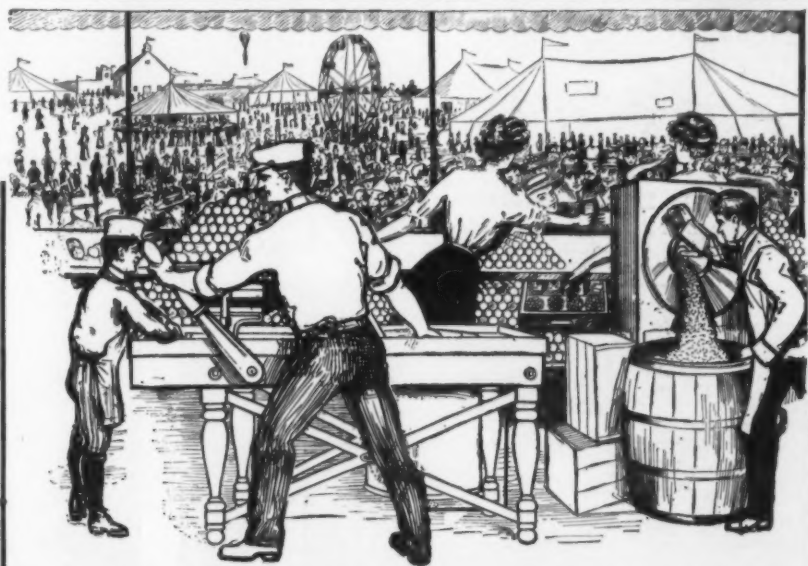
Why pare a corn at the risk of blood poisoning? Why nurse and protect it? Millions of people remove them at once. They never suffer at all. Why do you?

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

15c and 25c per package

(9) Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters. All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them.
If not convinced, ask for sample—free.
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



Typical Scene at Fairs, Circuses, Summer Resorts, Carnivals, etc., where a Long Popcorn Crispette Machine is in operation.

BIG PROFIT

Made in a Month with a "Long" POPCORN CRISPETTE MACHINE

Constant Stream of Nickels, Dimes, Quarters.
Money always coming in—Crispettes going out

The picture shows what you can do if you open up a stand in a good location. That this picture is true to life is proven by the following. Johnston & McKeever: "Every nice day 3,000 to 5,000 people clamor for Crispettes." They go on to say that if actual profits were named they would be taken for the ravings of a crazy man. They now have three outfits. F. H. H. Pa. writes: "For week ending tonight sold 6,445 rolls." A stand at a summer resort or park isn't necessary. Crispettes sell anywhere there's a crowd.

In the literature I'm going to send you, I tell you all about them; all about men who have made big money with the machine, and the men in their own words, tell you how they did it. It's very interesting—instructive reading.

Cut loose—be independent—start in business for yourself. Let your desire to do something—to be somebody—to succeed in life—lead you to act now. At least investigate. Get full particulars—reports from users. See what others have done. Then judge what you can do. Use the coupon.

Every time you take in a nickel you make nearly four cents profit

Best season is just at hand. You can make lots of money at fairs, parks, summer resorts, circuses, amusement halls, carnivals, on street corners, in small stores, etc. You can make this money with a Long Popcorn Crispette Machine—a machine that makes a delicious popcorn crispette—a new—delightful confection—unlike anything else in shape, taste and quality.

This same machine enabled me to build a handsome confectionery business here in Springfield. It has made me rich. It should make you rich, too. Each day your business will grow—same as mine did. People buy and buy and buy "Long" Crispettes because of their taste.

W. Z. LONG
365 High St.
Springfield
Ohio

W. Z. LONG
Springfield, Ohio
L. W.

Please send me full particulars about Crispette machine, and tell me how to start big paying business.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

there can be no capital in small forms and no labor. But the constituents in making majorities demand laws, and they have them. Men meddle with the coal business who do not know a lump of coal from a piece of slate, and you and I pay one or two dollars a ton more for coal because of their folly. They confidently manage railroads in detail, attempting to arrange fixed charges, the passenger and freight tariff and the wage of employees, and by and by, after the foolishness of it all becomes apparent to all, we of the common people will pay the freight.

THE AGE OF THE CROWD.

President Butler, of Columbia University.

WHATEVER else this age may be, it certainly is the age of the crowd and of the demagogue. The crowd, with its well-marked mental and moral peculiarities, is everywhere in evidence; and demagogues political, demagogues literary and demagogues religious din our ears with hungry cries. A torrent of talk is abroad in the land. The crowd just now, the world over, sways from right to left in policy, in belief and in action, and cries out with

wild enthusiasm to-day for the demagogue—political, literary or religious—that it tramples under foot to-morrow. The art of being a demagogue appears to be easy and quick to learn, and the rewards of the successful practice of the art have strange fascination for minds and characters that one would like to think in all respects worthy. But we are under no obligation either to run with the crowd or to follow every demagogue.

HOW TO EDUCATE A CHILD.

Professor Boris Sidis, of Harvard University.

THE PROPER way to educate a child is to begin at the age of two. By answering and encouraging all infantile questions, the child will acquire knowledge with the same ease as he learns to ride the bicycle. By the tenth year, if this method is followed, the child will have acquired knowledge which at the present time the university graduate only obtains with infinite labor. Fathers and mothers must change existing methods. We cannot possibly expect of the Philistine educators and mandarin-pseudagogue the adoption of different views of education.

Brides and Bridesmaids of the Summer



MRS. KENNETH GRAHAM,
Formerly Miss Marian Helen Megraw, of
Philadelphia.



MRS. JEROME CHASE,
Formerly Miss Ella Stein, daughter of Mrs. Conrad Stein, of New
York City. Misses Genevieve Joy and Alice Finck were bridesmaids.



MRS. ROGER B. HOPKINS,
Formerly Miss Josefa Crosby, daughter of Mrs.
Allen H. Crosby of Flushing, L. I.



MRS. ERSKINE SMITH,
Formerly Miss Mathilde Stevenson,
of Philadelphia.



MRS. KENNETH GRAHAM'S ATTENDANTS.
Left to right, 1st row: Misses Mildred Megraw, Augusta Graham, Kathryn Clark, Mrs. Samuel G. Shepherd,
matron of honor. 2d row: Misses Louise Moore, Gwendolen Miller, Mabel Megraw, Eileen Glatfelter.



MRS. BROWN ROLSTON,
Formerly Miss Mabel Hooley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
Edwin S. Hooley, of Plainfield, N. J.



MRS. CARL EHLERMANN, JR.,
Formerly Miss Helen Hotchkiss, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Henry DeWitt Hotchkiss, of New York.

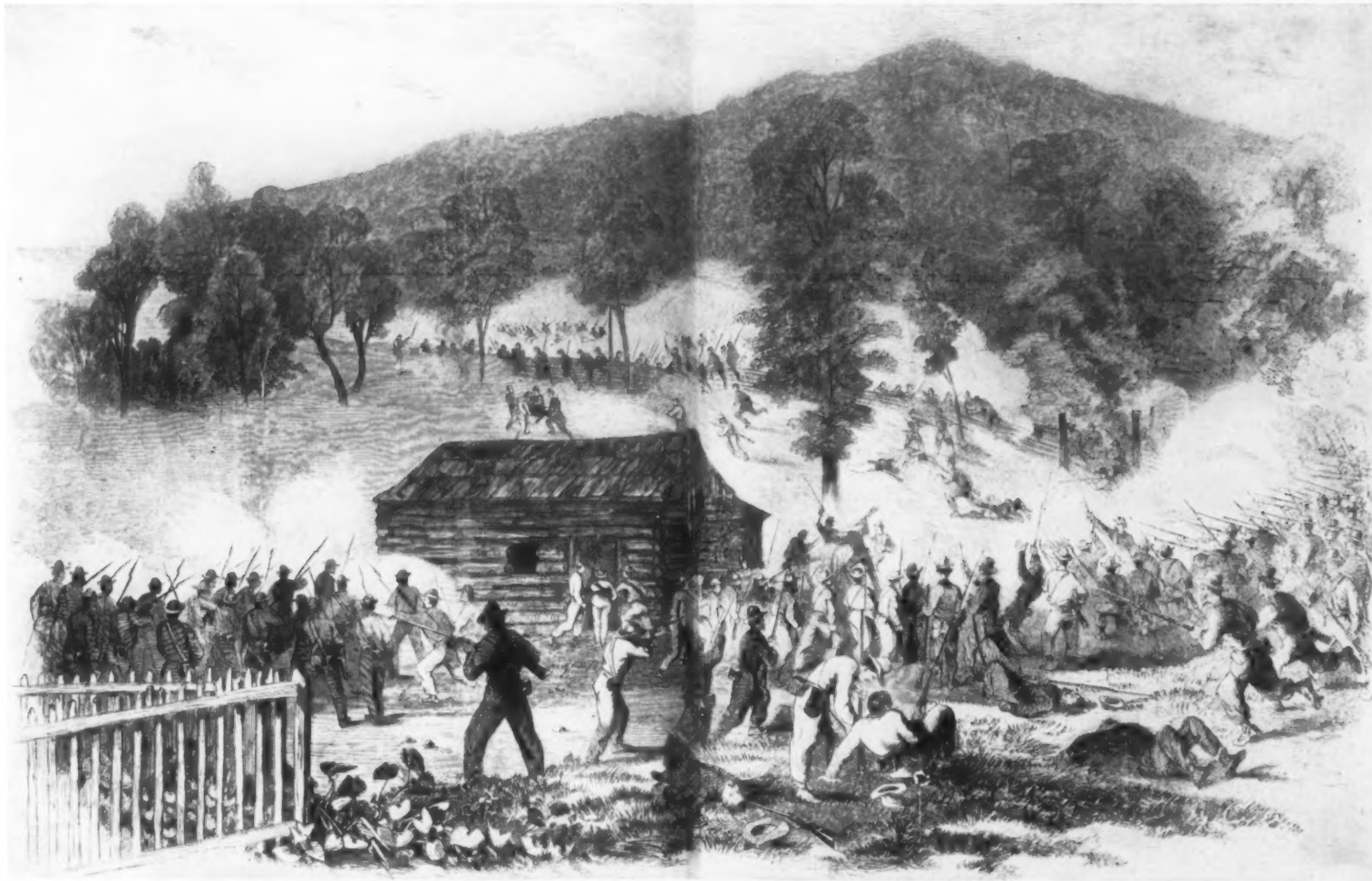


MRS. HARRY A. HATRY,
Formerly Miss Rita Wasserman, of
Philadelphia.

Fifty Years Ago This Week

War Scenes from Leslie's Weekly of July 27, 1861

Copyright, Leslie-Judge Co.



Battle of Rich Mountain, Beverley Pike, Va., between a division of Major-General McClellan's command, led by General Rosecrans, and the rebel troops under Colonel Pegram. Total rout of the rebels, with great loss of life, July 8, 1861.

From a sketch by a special artist accompanying Major-General McClellan's command.

The Battle of Bull Run.

From Leslie's Weekly of July 27, 1861.

We could scarcely credit the telegrams as they arrived, but we were at length compelled to realize the sad intelligence, that after its first advance with such an extraordinary success, the Federal Army met with a defeat of the most disastrous character. The carnage is tremendously heavy on both sides, and on ours it is represented as frightful. We were advancing, and taking their masked batteries gradually, but surely, and by driving the enemy towards Manassas Junction, when they seem to have been reinforced by General Johnston, who, it is understood, took command and immediately commenced driving us back, when a panic among our troops suddenly occurred, and a regular stampede took place. It is thought that General McDowell undertook to make a stand at or about Centreville, but the panic was so fearful that the whole army became demoralized, and it was impossible to check them, either at Centreville or at Fairfax Court House. General McDowell intended to make another stand at Fairfax Court House, but our forces being in full retreat he could not accomplish the object. Beyond Fairfax Court House the retreat was kept up until the men reached their regular encampments, a portion of whom returned to them, but a still larger portion coming inside the entrenchments. A large number of the troops in their retreat fell on the wayside from exhaustion, and scattered along the route all the way from Fairfax Court House. The road from Bull's Run was strewn with knapsacks, arms, etc. Some of our troops deliberately

threw away their guns and appurtenances, the better to facilitate their travel. General McDowell was in the rear of the retreat, exerting himself to rally his men, but only with partial effect. The latter part of the army, it is said, made their retreat in order. He was completely exhausted, having slept but little for three nights. His orders on the field did not at all times reach those for whom they were intended. It is supposed that the force sent out against our troops consisted, according to a prisoner's statement, of about 30,000 men, including a large number of cavalry. He further says that owing to reinforcements from Richmond, Skansburg and other points, the enemy's effective force was 90,000 men. According to the statement of two Fire Zouaves they only have about two hundred men left from the slaughter, while the Sixty-ninth and other regiments frightfully suffered in killed and wounded. The number cannot now be known. Sherman's, Carlisle's, Griffin's and the West Point batteries were taken by the enemy, and the eight siege and 32 rifle cannon, the latter being too cumbersome to remove. They were two miles the other side of Centreville. Such of the wounded as were brought to the Centreville hospital were left there, after having their wounds properly dressed by Surgeon Frank H. Hamilton. The panic was so great that the attempt to rally them to a stand at Centreville was entirely in vain. If a firm stand had been made there, our troops could have been reinforced and much disaster prevented. General McDowell was thus foiled in his well-arranged plans.



Great battle at Bull's Run between the Federal army, commanded by Major-General McDowell, and the rebel army under Jefferson Davis, General Beauregard and General Johnston, Sunday, July 21, 1861. Advance of the Federal troops.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—On this same field last week, July 21, 1911, was held a great Union-Confederate Reunion, making this picture of more than the usual timely interest.

Eventually



Why Not Now ?